The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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MAD ENGINEER BINDS THE STOKER TO THE ENGINE.

A Fearful Ride for Thirty Miles, Bound Hand and Foot.

The Mirror of Life

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. HASTINGS.—He is now in South Africa serving with his regiment.

C. T. E.—It was taken from a photograph.

V. L.—Tom Sayers beat Perry in 1857.

T. DUNBAR.—1. The Cambridgeshire Stakes first run 1839. 2. Yes, with 9st.

J. MCDONALD.—Yes, one was caught at Amersham weighing 37lb.

F. C. WEDON.—1. 100 pigeons killed in succession by E. D. Fulford. 2. At 30 yards rise.

H. MONYPENNY.—1. Jemmy Barry, of Chicago. 2. About 8st 2lb.

C. J. SMITH.—1. The amount was £1,000. 2. At the Olympic Club, Birmingham. 3. A draw. 4. Ten rounds.

A. RAWLINGS.—1. Both coloured men. 2. At the Excelsior Hall, Bethnal Green.

INQUIRER.—Star Pointer paced a mile in 1min 59½sec.

B. G.—On the Wood Green track.

GEORGE.—Could obtain what you require at the Britannia Rubber Company, 32, Cannon Street, London.

T. BANKS.—1. One hundred yards were run backwards in 15¼sec by H. G. Hayes. 2. In America.

H. J. LODER.—1. The best trotting records have been accomplished in America by American horses. 2. Also pacing.

C. B. A.—1. J. Flanagan. 2. Quite recently.

CHARLES T. F.—He is an amateur.

MONK.—A purse of £300 and £100 a-side.

O. L. D.—Some of the best have come from Birmingham, notably Jem Carney, Charley Mitchell, Anthony Diamond, Billy Plimmer, Nunc Wallace, and others too numerous to mention.

H. J. WILLIAMS.—With 4-oz gloves, and twenty three-minute rounds.

TEVIOTDALE.—1. He was amateur champion, 1890, 1892, and 1893. 2. Yes, at the Central Hall.

W. BREWER.—He was born at Los Angeles, 1871.

J. MILTON.—They fought a draw of six rounds at Madison Square Garden, New York, on January 30, 1896.

F. G. BEST.—1. Sixteen feet square. 2. Raised about eighteen inches.

O. M.—1. It would be no contest. 2. They would not receive a penny.

H. PAUL.—1. In a double event, if the first event is lost you pay. 2. You do not wait for the second to come off.

TEDDY.—1. A course of gymnastic exercise would be all right, but the dumbbells used should not weigh more than 1lb. 2. One hour a day.

D. WINDOVER.—They fought at Chantilly, France, 30 rounds, 3hr. 11min.

H. CULLUM.—1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. 4. George Dixon visited England and fought Nunc Wallace, June 27, 1890.

A CONSTANT READER (H.M.S. Duke of Wellington, Portsmouth).—Bob Fitzsimmons has been both middle and heavy-weight champion of the world.

JAMES WHITEFORD (Ayrshire).—1. Sullivan and Kilrain fought 75 rounds, bare knuckles. 2. Corbett and Jackson fought 61 rounds.

(Several Answers crowded out)

A VISIT TO CHIPPERFIELD.

JACK EVERHARDT, OF AMERICA, AND GEORGE GARDINER, OF IRELAND, IN TRAINING.

FITZSIMMONS MAKES A MONKEY OF TOM SHARKEY.

"Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
And ne'er had changed nor wished to change his place."

IF Host Hastings, of the Two Brewers, Chipperfield, does not run a godly race, like Goldsmith's vicar, for some years, at least, he "ne'er has changed nor wished to change his place." And why should he? It is said that many years ago Host Hastings wished to retire from the world and take conventual vows, when he by chance, in his peregrinations after solitude, wandered on to Chipperfield Common. On this common Hastings' dream of solitude was realised. "Why should I seek the monastic shades," said Hastings, soliloquising, "when here I can find what I pine for—solitude among these innocent rustics." There is no compromise at the Two Brewers. It is not a *rus in urbe*, it is downright country. It is a secluded spot miles from anywhere—twenty-one miles from London and yet miles from other towns. Should you pad the hoof, ergo walk, from the nearest station, King's Langley, it will take a good pedestrian an hour before he can deposit himself within the hospitable portals of the Two Brewers and cry out, not as in the old days, for sack, canary, or a flask of Malvosie, but for good old Lock and Key—no Lock and Smith. As Hastings, the host, comes forth to serve you would think, looking at the wide-spreading common, that he was a reverend padre, so meek is his demeanour, coming forth to do the honours of the cellar; but a glance at the warlike weapons hanging round the walls of the dining-hall impresses the traveller with the fact that Host Hastings has more often used the gun and sword than his breviary or prayer book. In fact, so remote is this hostelry from the world and its wickedness that it was only discovered by accident. When Percy Gourley, the athlete, kept the Rose and Crown at King's Langley, he invited Fred Morris, who was then matched with "Dido" Plumb, to train at his establishment, when one day Fred Morris became benighted, or rather lost his way, when seeing the Two Brewers on the common, he passed in to inquire. A black man at Chipperfield was at that time as rare as a ten-pound note, and when he was seen by the good-looking landlady of the Two Brewers she was like the flying lady who beheld Peter Wilkins for the first time. Mrs. H. proved such a good hostess that when the American contingent—"Spike" and Dave Sullivan, Patsey Haley, Jemmy Barry, Tommy White, Billy Rotchford, and others—came over here THE MIRROR OF LIFE sent them at once to the Two Brewers, and so renowned has the house become among American boxers from tales told, that most new arrivals when they visit this country ask to be directed to the Two Brewers.

It is not often that Cockneys find their way to the Two Brewers, but on the day of our arrival Host Hastings had been catering for a cargo of Cockneys who had come to the house in brakes (Hastings will not tolerate the van) to have their beanfeast in real country. To the denizen of the smoke, to whom a mushroom growth is a rarity and when captured highly prized, and whose greenstuff generally comes from the coal shop, vegetables "all a-growing and a-blowing" are an especial treat. Thus when the boss of the party showed the trippers Hastings' cabbage garden and said "Now all the vegetables you will have for dinner to-day will come out of that garden," the appetite of the trippers for the garden produce was unbounded. It almost made Mr. and Mrs. Hastings weep to see the choice viands passed unheeded for a "dollop of cabbage," or a shovelful of beans, or a request to pass the "Marryfat peas round." With customers so ravenous for country comestibles, the supply was not in keeping with the demand, and Hastings could hardly keep his hair on out of sheer vexation. Not having seen our host for some time we thought he had lost his hair and changed somewhat—and so he had, for the want of vegetables had caused him to tug his locks with vexation.

Showing how these American arrivals had caused the villagers to gambol like sheep, our coachman, whose stovepipe hat was thirty years old at least as regards fashion—it would have matched his wedding coat—(they will not change in this village), instead of backing Jack Everhardt for a new hat, must lay his ten bob out on the American, have it duly staked with as much ceremony as though he were drawing up a marriage contract, with a proviso that he was not to take the bet in hat or beer, but in a piece of good sterling gold or pieces of silver. We expect there are many of these villagers who have backed the Americans simply for the reason that they have trained at "t'oud house on the common," which must do good to the Two Brewers, for on the night of settlement the winners are bound to pay for a pot or two of "yale." We found the American contingent just recovering from the effects of a jolly good tuck out, in which Owen Kenny, manager to George Gardiner, played principal knife and fork. Kenny is no bad judge. He usually acts as carver to the mess, and though it is a case of large helpings all round, Kenny's dose makes the others look small. Not only this, but Owen takes the carver's licence, and cuts off the nice bits of brown, where they lie in the gravy until all are helped, and then Kenny sees the tape and the tape only. When the articles were drawn up between the "Coffee Cooler" and George Gardiner Kenny was very much afraid about the weight, and so was George. You wait awhile, said we, and see what climatic changes will do for you. Gardiner during his short sojourn is getting on the big side, while as for Kenny he went down to Chipperfield surrounded by a belly band, in which there were six more holes beyond the buckle to fill up. When we were at the Two Brewers on Saturday Kenny, by a trifle of extra exertion, could just get to the last hole. We are about to visit "Jolly Jumbo" shortly, and we will ask "Jolly" if he has a spare belt. "Jolly" knows what it is to be that way himself.

Wolff (the wrestler and trainer to Jack Everhardt), Jack Everhardt, George Gardiner, and Gardiner's trainer having expressed themselves as ready for inspection, we proceeded to the gymnasium at the back of the house haunted by so many memories of the past. Jack Everhardt was arrayed in sweater and drawers of such a grass-like green that they quite excited the envy of the man from Ireland, Gardiner, and will win Everhardt the battle if the Greeks should outnumber the Israelites on Monday next in his engagement with Tom Ireland—that is, should the jocular Jack wear them. Punching the ball was the first operation, when we thought a second "Kid" Lavigne was revealed to us. When Jack had bursted up the ball by breaking the rope and nearly the head of a spectator he walked round the gymnasium on his toes, boxing the air or an imaginary Tom Ireland with 1lb dumb-bells. When a fresh rope had been adjusted Jack had another go at the ball, which he boxes like a tradesman—always on his toes. The boots the American boxers wear are like nothing so much as the old pugilists spiked fighting lace-up boots without the spikes. We have described Bill Heffernan's harness for strengthening the jaw, Bill making a beast of himself—we should say horse—and dragging his host and his trainer along against their will, but Jack Everhardt exercises his jaw, not only like Kenny, on his grub, but he stands in the middle of the "Gym" and twists his neck this way and that way so often and so fast that we thought it would be a case of a broken neck or lock-jaw, Jack all the time making champion ugly grimaces, no-one inquiring, however, at conclusion of the ceremony, "Jack, did it hurt you much?" Apparently, it did not; for at the conclusion of this act Jack danced about like the "True British sailor" at the Vic., the protector of virtue, who cannot stand by and see a British damsel in distress. Calling upon Wolff, his trainer, to "come on," Wolff, who had already divested himself of his clothing, and stood gloved ready for the encounter, did come on, and received such a "belly-go-thumper" that had he not had his dinner some three hours previously that meal would have been knocked up. Wolff, who is a nice-mannered presentable young German, was a bit riled at this performance, and went for Jack like a veritable Tom Ireland. Nothing loth, the pair had a rousing realistic spar, which quite excited the spectators (a small but select few). Jack Everhardt has the legs of a 12st man, and for fighting at weight it would not be a bad exchange if he could make a chop as regards legs with Gardiner. Jack was on the beefy side, and as the perspiration rolled from him he first denuded himself of his sweater, and then his green drawers, while Wolff wiped away the moisture. Jack had set himself to do a thousand steps on the skipping rope, and while Jack was thus engaged the *gentle* Wolff took a rise out of Gardiner by disappearing under the folds of the shower bath, and having what he was pleased to call a leetle drop—this "leetle drop" nearly emptied the shower, as George Gardiner found when he went for his sprinkle at the conclusion of a lighter kind of exercise which George indulged in. Jack Everhardt has his own peculiar way of taking the douche. At the bottom of the stairs leading to the gymnasium Jack has a stable bucket filled with water and a good size sponge. At the conclusion of his skipping-rope exercise Jack is like a steam-engine, so, seizing a towel, he rushes to his bucket and gives himself what he calls an 'almighty good soak." After these ablutions, as though they were going to be pressed for not pleading in the old days at the Old Bailey, both men (Gardiner and Everhardt) are placed upon boards and go through the operation of rubbing and pressing, but not as they pressed in good old times. A good healthy appetite and plenty to supply it has rendered Owen Kenny a bit thick in the wind and, as Joey Bagstock would say, slow—devilish slow, so Jack Scales (Jaunty Jack) last Monday was introduced upon the scene to spar with Gardiner (Scales being about the "Cooler's" height) and put him through his facings. Jack Scales being a screwsman—we mean carpenter—will be able to take all the rough edges off George Gardiner. It would be unfair to criticise any athlete in a transitory state; and this week we have devoted our attention to Jack Everhardt, who contests with Tom Ireland next Monday at Wonderland. (Tom Ireland is dealt with elsewhere.) When we saw Gardiner on Saturday he had still a fortnight before him for his engagement with the "Coffee Cooler" on September 10, so purpose (D.V.) to make a second visit to Chipperfield and give our readers a sketch of Gardiner's fitness and modus operandi in the butterfly stage of training. Gardiner expressed himself charmed with his quarters, and says, "If I cannot beat the 'Cooler' when training from such quarters as these I deserve to lose." Meanwhile, besides the exercise above enumerated, the men have plenty of out-door exercise, playing bowls and tennis, and taking long walks.

We cannot help contrasting the present days of modern boxing with the reminiscent days of pugilism; and in looking back we can find but one parallel to the meeting of Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey where mediocrity of the lowest possible form met ability—pugilistic ability of the highest possible kind. This was when Tom Sayers, the hero of one hundred fights, inside and outside the squared circle, met Bill Benjamin the novice (still alive), and beat him in about the same space of time that it took Bob Fitzsimmons to beat Tom Sharkey. It is easy to be wise after the fact, but from the very first we ridiculed a match between Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey, who, as we have always maintained, is nothing better than a big, strong rough. This match goes to show how careful boxers should be in the choice of a referee, for though Sharkey was knocked out fair and square in his first match with Fitzsimmons, the referee, Wyatt Earp (the Arizona Gun Fighter), gave the battle to Tom Sharkey, as barefaced a robbery as ever took place. Bob Fitzsimmons made no mistake in this contest, and what he anticipated was proved by the result. Sharkey never during the whole of the contest made one straight hit from the shoulder. His fighting consisted of a wild succession of swings, and,

having nearly two stone the better of the weight, the impact, had Sharkey been fighting a dunce, would have been resistless. But Sharkey was not fighting a dunce. He had before him a man determined to get his own back and prove that a former decision was wrong, and that Sharkey was little better than a big rough, dangerous on the stones, but a baby in a big ring in the hands of a clever man. Less than two rounds served to terminate the encounter. The simultaneous blows on the jaw and stomach were too much for Sharkey, as they were too much for Gus Ruhlin, and ere half the second round had been negotiated Fitz had Sharkey at his mercy, and Fitz then delivered the one, two, for which he is famous.

There were not present half the quantity of spectators as when Fitz fought Gus Ruhlin, but the reason is not far to seek, Although those who know Sharkey are convinced that he will fight to the death, yet many good judges of boxing form did not believe, after Fitzsimmons's exhibition with Gus Ruhlin, that Sharkey had a remote chance of the big end of the purse, and thus it proved. Next week we shall give a full, true, and particular account of the fight from our correspondent, with ring side incidents.

HARRY EWENS,

A South Coast Champion and Proprietor of the St. James's Tavern, Brighton.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY EWENS, champion all-round athlete of the south coast 1889 to 1893, winner of many prizes, became famous by his sensational plunge from the pier at Brighton into a rough sea, saving the life of Mr. Ellwood, the gratitude shown by Mrs. Ellwood, who was with her husband, being a scene that will be a lifetime remembrance to the crowd that witnessed this gallant act, for which he is down on the rolls of Britain's heroes. He was thought by good judges to be able to accomplish Captain Webb's feat, and swim the Channel, but while training for a trial fell sick with that dreaded enemy influenza, which stopped what might have been a brilliant career. He is now host of the St. James's Tavern, Brighton, famous quarters for all classes of athletes.

FATAL LAMP ACCIDENT, WITH THE LOSS OF TWO LIVES.

Man and Wife Killed Through the Low Flash-Point Oil.

(Subject of Illustration.)

EVERY week adds to the long list of fatal lamp accidents. Whether it be cheap lamps or low-flash dangerous oil it matters not. Something should be done by the Government to protect the public from this ever-increasing danger. Last week two lives were lost. A man and wife on retiring to rest were so dreadfully injured by an explosion that they died in a few hours. It is supposed that in lifting the lamp from a shelf on which it stood the accident occurred by tilting the oil into the flame, which fired with such disastrous results.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Billy Gordon.
M. C. Gaines (of the Picquays Boys).
Bob White.
Bill Pike (of Leytonstone).
Jack Webb (of Bethnal Green).
G. Tyler.
"Ginger" Osborne.
J. Pattinson (of the Stack Rock).
"Dido" Plumb.
Dick Wainwright.
S. Draffin.
Joe Smith (boxing promoter, Wonderland).
Mr. Bert Dorman (Boston, U.S.A.).
Marie Lecconi (variety artiste).
Mr. N. E. Barnes.
Charley Mannering (Chatham).
William Dart (Johannesburg).
Archie Wright.
Jack Fitzpatrick.
Walter Armstrong ("Cross Buttocker").
Joe Barrett (8st 2lb champion).
Harry Day (canine fancier).
Bill Lampshire.
Jack Betts.
George Dunny.
W. A. Beaulieu (U.S.S. Lancaster).
C. B. Rogers (U.S.S. Lancaster, American Navy).
James Poulter (brother to Tom King, ex-champion of England).

PHOTOS GIVEN AWAY.—I will send one "CHOICE CABINET" as a sample to any bona fide applicant, also FREE List of Rare Books, &c. Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, 52 in pack, 1s. 9d. and 3s. 6d. Be in time. Address, **M. L. REID, West Green Road, London, N.**

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, August 18, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

CHAMPION JEM JEFFRIES does not appear to be acting in a way calculated to convince the public that he is sincere in his desire to fight the winner of the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey fight on August 31. He says he is unwilling to keep on training until after Fitz and the sailor have settled their differences one week from to-night, at which time the winner of that encounter can definitely say whether he will be fit to tackle the champion one week later. When William A. Brady, on behalf of Jeffries, issued a sweeping defi the other day, it was taken to mean that Jeffries was spoiling for an argumer Fitzsimmons, who is expected by the knowing ones to beat Sharkey, accepted the offer made by Brady, so that it was up to Jeffries to keep on training until after August 24. If at that time the winner of the Fitz-Sharkey mill should be incapacitated from fighting so soon again, Jeffries would then be at liberty to declare everything off, and also to cease training. But Jeffries has seen fit to show surprising impatience. He says he will not wait, and that he will not fight again for a year. Fitzsimmons declares that if he whips Sharkey, and Jeffries refuses to meet him on August 31, he (Fitz) will declare himself champion of the world. If Jeffries wants to meet Fitzsimmons or Sharkey before September 1 in this State, he has only to wait one week to find out definitely. An unwillingness to do this would probably be taken to mean that Jeffries doesn't want to fight at all—at least until he can get himself into first-class physical condition. And thereby hangs a tale. It is said that Jeffries is away out of form, and that he knows he cannot get right in the short space of two weeks. Fitzsimmons's remarkable showing against Ruhlin, it is believed, threw a scare into Jeffries' camp so that a complicated challenge was immediately forthcoming. Jeffries weighed 208 pounds when he beat Fitzsimmons, and the latter was not at his best, according to competent judges. Fitz is a hundred per cent. better now, while Jeffries will have a hard time to make so light a weight again. Possibly that is the reason why the champion is quibbling. Jeffries has been booked for a long theatrical tour, which, in the event of an unexpected set-back at the hands of the sturdy Cornishman, might not prove so profitable. At any rate, it seems reasonable on the part of Fitzsimmons to ask Jeffries to wait one week before deciding to throw up a match that would be of vast interest to the sporting public. Robert Fitzsimmons, Gus Ruhlin, Charley White, and two hundred persons reproduced the Ruhlin-Fitzsimmons fight on Monday in Philadelphia, before the moving picture machines. The pictures were taken by S. Lubin. The ring was pitched on the roof, and the setting was made to look as much as possible like the interior of Madison Square Garden the night of the battle. The crowd in attendance was coatless and hatless, while almost everybody carried a palm leaf fan, just as did the patrons of the real fight. Barring Jem Corbett, the seconds were the same as officiated at Friday night's mill, and Charley White, who was the real referee, was also on hand for the imitation. The fighters put considerable life into their work, and sometimes it looked businesslike. Ruhlin did not act his part as well as did Fitzsimmons, and his thick-headedness in failing to understand just what to do often spoiled life-like efforts on Bob's part. It took many trials and much hard work to get the pictures, and wh all was done S. Lubin had six rounds of tame fighting. The receipts, as announced by both sides, were a trifle in excess of $40,000. Half of this goes to the club and the remainder to the pugilists. According to the articles of agreement this money was to have been divided on a basis of 25 per cent. to the loser and 75 per cent. to the victor. I learn on good authority, however, that the boxers split the $20,000 equally between them. Besonhurst is knocked out. Consternation has seized its inhabitants because Robert Fitzsimmons has bought a house there, after all their struggles to keep him away. What makes it worse, it is one of the prettiest houses there. It was announced yesterday that Fitz has purchased the beautiful home of the late E. A. Bennett, located at Twenty-Second and Cropsey Avenues. The Besonhurstites say he got the property against the wishes of Mrs. Bennett, widow of the late owner, and her immediate neighbours. Last May Fitz tried to buy the place, and was scorned because he is a prize-fighter. Bob took the rebuff more or less quietly, executed a few side-steps, and waited for an opening. Like father, like son. That exactly fits little Bob Fitzsimmons. When papa is bruised so is he. Big Fitz, with his eyes decorated in blue by virtue of his encounter with Gus Ruhlin, was a pitiful sight for the little fellow, but he had to follow suit, and had a playmate bang him so that he might have a black eye, too. He got it. When big Bob injured his left knuckles some time ago the little son was sorry for his papa, but thought that he could relieve the soreness by getting a sore knuckle himself. So he jabbed a file in his hand, and, after rubbing sand all over it, had nearly as bad a hand as his pop. "Rube" Ferns, the eccentric Kansas pugilist, is now the welter-weight champion. The title has changed hands quite rapidly in the last six months. "Mysterious" Billy Smith was welter-weight champion for a long time until he was knocked out by Matty Matthews at the Broadway A.C. last spring. A few weeks later Matthews surrendered the title to Eddie Connolly, of New Brunswick, who won in the most impressive manner, though he did not score a knock-out. Connolly was beaten to a standstill at Buffalo on Monday night by Ferns, who is now open to meet any man in the world at 142lb. Ferns has the credit of being a terrific puncher of the hurricane style, but so far has not shown any finished science. His rise has been rapid, and those who have him in charge say that he will be unbeatable when he knows more of the game of hit, stop, and get away. In an unusually fast glove fight at the Broadway A.C. last night, Tim Callahan, of Philadelphia, succeeded in defeating Eddie Gardner, of Wheeling, W. Va., in the thirteenth round. Up to the point when the loser's brother, Oscar Gardner, jumped into the ring to prevent further punishment, it was anybody's battle. Gardner had Callahan in trouble several times, but the latter's generalship and accurate punching finally helped him out of what once looked like an awkward predicament. Callahan wants to fight Terry McGovern, but those who saw him perform last night are not liable to bet on his chances with the feather-weight champion should such a match be arranged. The benefit of former champion John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden the latter part of this month bids fair to be elaborate. The Twentieth Century A.C. has turned the use of the garden over to the beneficiary. Senator Timothy D. Sullivan will act as chairman of the testimonial, while John A. Dooner will look after the financial end. The money taken in at the doors will not be given to Sullivan. It will be held in trust for him, and the former champion will only receive the interest accruing from the money, so that he will be sure of an income for the rest of his life. There will be three ten rounds bouts between first-class men. Many well-known pugilists have volunteered to give exhibitions, and the wind-up will be between "John L." and Jem Jeffries. It is reported that Steve Brodie, far gone with consumption, has been taken to Liberty, Sullivan county, to be a patient in a sanatorium. His early death, it is announced, is inevitable. This is a surprise to everyone, as the last time he was seen in the streets of New York he appeared very well. Recently he moved to Buffalo, and started an establishment there. Two years ago Brodie circulated a report of his own death in a train in Michigan. He afterwards acknowledged it, with the excuse that he wanted to see his obituary in print. Peter Maher was entertaining a friend from Ireland at dinner some time ago, and after every course had been served the finger bowl was brought. It was of a reddish hue, and from outward appearance looked like a beverage The friend started to drink, but Peter stopped him, saying: "Don't, it's a wash basin. Can't you see?" "By St. Pathrick. I thought it was rid limonade," answered the friend, "but if it's for washin', where is the soap?" When Tom Sharkey bought his house at Sheepshead Bay he bought his entire furnishings, but when the closing of the deal came about he thought he was going to be cheated. "Those preserves belong to my wife," said the seller, "and I don't suppose you want them anyway." "Indeed; and you can't take them," said Tom, "for they are the most admired pieces of furniture in the place." It was a misunderstanding, but Tom got the preserves. Tom Sharkey is not naturally egotistical, but when the constant reports are circulated that he is going to marry, the ex-sailor fills up with something akin to pride. "Sure, and I don't want to marry," says Tom. "I have lots of chances if I wanted them. I would sooner be doubled up with the cramps than with a wife." Bobby Dobbs, coloured, of Baltimore, and Mike Donovan, of Rochester, were scheduled for a twenty-five rounds bout at 142lb before the Falls Field A.A., Rochester. They went the limit in a dull, listless exhibition. Dobbs took the initiative at the start, and kept the lead throughout, but did not harm his antagonist to any extent, and did not appear to be able to do so. It had been agreed that if both were on their feet at the end, the bout should be declared a draw. Bill Hanrahan, the New York middle-weight, was knocked out by "Kid" Carter in the tenth round of a twenty rounds bout at the Greenwood A.C. last night. The men were matched at 158lb, ringside. In Hanrahan's corner were Sam Fitzpatrick and Jack Campana. Al McMurray and Billy Moclair looked after Carter's interests. The betting favoured Hanrahan at 3 to 2. Jack Jeffries, brother to the champion, who has been doing good work since he took up boxing, fought a ten rounds draw with Billy Stift, of Chicago, at Denver, on Monday night. Jeffries was knocked down several times in the first round, and the gong saved him. Danny Maher is the latest American jockey to decide on an English campaign. He will sail with Pierre Lorillard's horses early in September, and that stable will have first call on his services. This is an interesting bit of information to racegoers on both sides of the water. Maher is unquestionably one of the ablest jockeys on the Eastern turf, and his work on straight-away courses is particularly good. He likes crowding on the turns none too well. Of course the Lorillard entries will occupy only a small part of Danny's time, and he will have ample opportunity to show his prowess on England's crack thoroughbreds. He will have a good chance to take the place of Tod Sloan, who was recently badly injured, and is now on his way to America. Maher will meet his old rivals, "Skeets" Martin and Rigby, and the now famous Reiff brothers. Blanche St. Clair, who was Blanche Sloan, a sister of Tod Sloan, is destitute. She is twenty-eight years of age, and has been a trapeze performer for several years. She performed with her husband, who is now in prison. Recently, while performing in Coucil Bluffs, she fell and received serious injuries. After leaving the hospital she came to a boarding house here conducted for theatrical people, expecting to resume her work. She discovered that her injuries would compel her to retire.

THE TATTLER.

MADAME VINTALTO.

The Graceful Gymnast.

(With Portrait.)

FOR grace and beauty combined with great nerve and physical strength few women can compare with that general favourite Madame Vintalto, whose aerial performance on the trapeze has surpassed all competitors. Her movements as she makes a daring leap from bar to bar cause a shriek to pass through the audience who witness the feat. Thirty feet is the measured distance she traverses in the flight, passing through two paper hoops during her journey placed twelve feet apart. She nightly appears at the Moulin Rouge, Paris, and has an earnest desire to get an engagement in this country, where she may shortly be expected.

THE ABERDEEN ARMS.

A Well-known Sporting Resort in North Shields.

(With Portraits.)

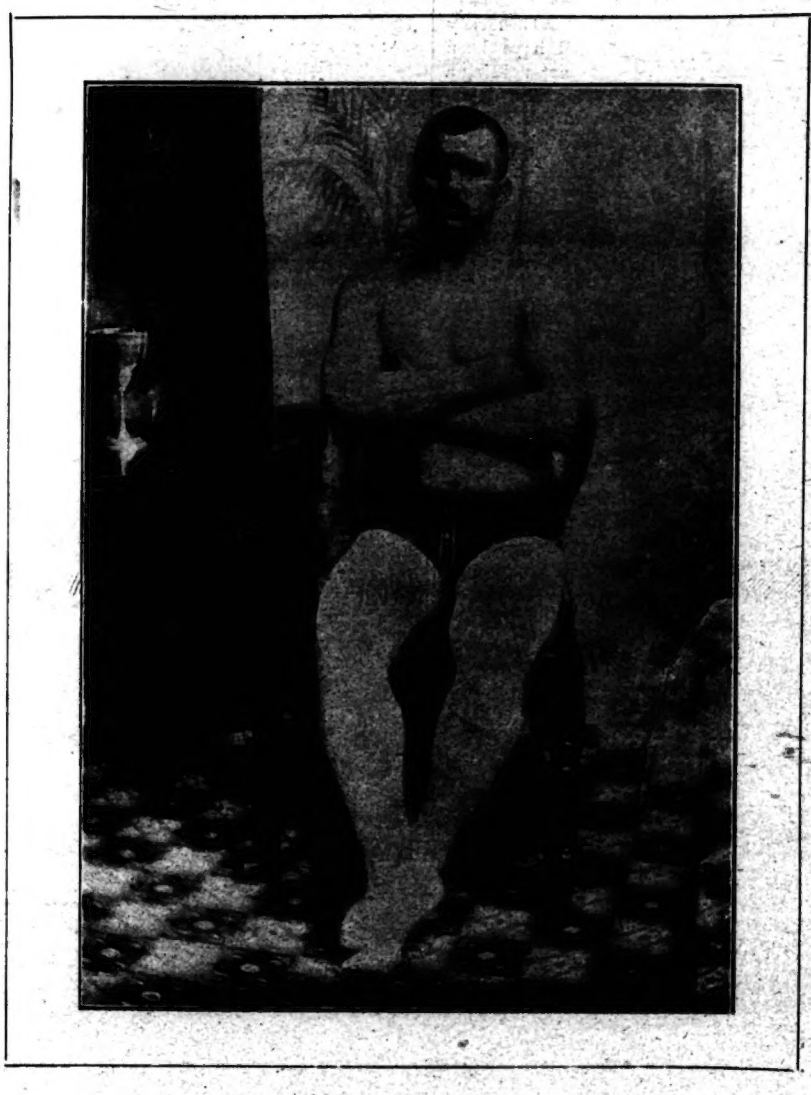
IT was only recently, on August 4, that the above celebrities visited Newcastle, on which occasion Jem Conlon contested and won the Pitmen's Heavy-weight Championship, with Jack Doyle, his trainer, in his corner.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—

N. E. Barnes, Esq.
Ben Jordan.
Charley Knock.
Sam Fitzpatrick.
J. W. Abbott.
Robert Fitzsimmons (three).
Goliath.
A. McDonald.
Bobby Dobbs.
Jem Hall.
J. Corbett.
George Slark.
"Greek" George.
Bob White.
Billy Ross.
John F. White.
J. Gans.
Charles Connolly.
C. McCoy.
P. Gorman.
Frank Leon.
Alec Hurley.
Billy Plimmer.
George Fox Giles.
Ernie Greaves.
Driver Pincher.
Claude Thompson.
H. Chance Newton.
Jem Holloway.

HOWARD H. PARKER,
Of America, Now Matched to Wrestle Sam Moores on September 29, for £50 a-side.



SAM MOORES,
Of Stalybridge, Matched to Wrestle Howard H. Parker, of America, September 29, for £50 a-side.

HUSBAND'S REVENGE ON HIS WIFE'S PARAMOUR.
A Man Shot and Mortally Wounded While Eloping with the Woman.

NORMAN FORBES,
A Prominent Teacher of the Art of Self Defence in Aberdeen, Scotland.

FATAL LAMP ACCIDENT, WITH THE LOSS OF TWO LIVES.
Man and Wife Killed Through the Low Flash Point Oil.

MADAME VINTALTO,
The Graceful Gymnast, who is a Popular Favourite.

SUDDEN DEATH AT A FASHIONABLE GATHERING.
A Wealthy Frenchman Suddenly Expires.

HOXTON COSTERMONGERS AS Barrow-pushers.—A match between two well-known Hoxton costermongers—Tommy Edmunds and Ocker Parsons—took place early last week. The men had been backed privately by two prominent Hoxton sportsmen, in addition to which Mr. Bert Impi, proprietor of the Brighton, Hoxton High Street, put up a purse for the winner. The conditions were to pull ordinary costers' hand barrows (with straps) five miles (two miles and a half out and home), each barrow to contain ten 56lb weights lent by the tradesmen of the neighbourhood. The officials were:—Starter and referee, Bert Impi and Elijah Maidment (well-known in the boxing and swimming world). Long before the time set for starting crowds assembled, and for some considerable distance along the route the very greatest interest was manifested in the race. The start was at 2.45 p.m., and the route from the Brighton along Hoxton Street, Hyde Road, over Rosemary Branch Bridge, Southgate Road, and on to the Manor House, Green Lanes, and vice versa. Edmunds was a strong favourite at 6 to 4 on, and, as the result proved, the layers of odds were justified in doing so. The favourite went away at a nice, easy, swinging jog-trot, and at Rosemary Branch Bridge led by eight yards. Time, 5min. Crossing Balls Pond Road Parsons was fully forty yards in the rear and toiling heavily, but not so Edmunds, who seemed a perfect glutton at his laborious task. Later on Parsons, seeing he had no chance against his more sturdy opponent, retired from the fray. Edmunds continued onwards, and turned at the Manor House for home at 3.40 p.m., which he reached at his leisure.

SWIMMING THE BOSPHORUS.—Another swimmer has crossed the Bosphorus, this time a Belgian, the son of the Comte de Dudzeele, Belgian Minister at Constantinople. Starting on Thursday from Kavak to the north of Therapi, which is nearer the Black Sea entrance than the other, Gaston de Dudzeele swam down in the strong current and landed at Scutari, close to the southern entrance, three hours after he started. A boat accompanied him.

CAPTAIN WEBB'S CHANNEL SWIM.—Mr. George Toms, the pilot who accompanied the late Captain Matthew Webb on his famous swim across the English Channel in 1875, died suddenly at Dover at the age of seventy-six. Webb always attributed the success of his extraordinary feat to a great extent to Toms's skilful piloting and knowledge of the Channel currents.

DEATH OF A CHAMPION SCULLER.—News reached London from New York on Thursday of the death of George H. Hosmer, of Boston, U.S.A., a professional sculler whose splendid speed for a mile gained him the soubriquet of the "Lightning Boy." Hosmer was well known to supporters of aquatics in England. In November, 1880, when 21 years of age, he rowed a match against Elias C. Laycock, of Sydney, New South Wales, over the Thames Championship course. It was a good struggle for about two miles, but after that Laycock's superior weight and physique told the inevitable tale. In the same month Hosmer finished third to Laycock and the late Wallace Ross, of Newfoundland, in the celebrated Hop Bitters Regatta, while his English career extended until January, 1893, when he was beaten in a match on the Thames for £400 and the English Championship by George Bubear, of Putney. Deceased was forty-one years of age.

C. BENNETT MAKES A CHAMPION Record.—Splendid sport was witnessed at Palmer Parker, Reading, on Saturday, when the eighteenth annual sports of the Reading Athletic Club were held in the presence of 4,000 persons. The fine performance of C. Bennett, the mile and ten-miles cross-country champion, who won the Three-Quarters of a Mile Open Handicap from scratch in 3min 12 2-5sec, with R. Wellin, Essex Beagles, 16yd start, second, and G. T. Gazeley, Herne Hill Harriers, 8, third, was even better than it looks on paper, for the track was loose and the weather not favourable to fast times. Relatively it was certainly more meritorious than the so-called "best on record" of 3min 11 4-5sec in which A. Nelson (a non-entrant on Saturday) won the same race last year. Stanley Rowley (who returns to Australia on September 6) was just beaten in his heat of the 100 Yards Handicap by the ultimate winner of that event—W. T. Folks (Blackheath Harriers), 6yd start. F. Cox (Finchley H.), won the Open Half-Mile Handicap in the fast time of 1min 53 4-5sec. The best handicapped race of the day was the Open Mile run, which W. E. Gurney (Polytechnic H.) won with 98yd start in 4min 27 4-5sec.

BOAT RACING IN PARIS.—THE International Regatta in connection with the Paris Exhibition was begun on the Seine at Asnières on Saturday, when the preliminary heats were decided. The course in each event was about a mile in length. St. G. Ashe, of the Thames Rowing Club, won his heat easily in the sculling race. He was subsequently disqualified for alleged hampering of the second man, Benoit, a Frenchman, to whom the heat was awarded. The other results were:—Eight-oared Race.—First heat: Minerva Club (Amsterdam), 1; Ghent Rowing Club, 2; Germania Rowing Club (Hamburg), 3. Second heat: Vesper Boating Club (Philadelphia), 1; Société Nautique de la Marne (France), 2. Four-oared Race.—First heat: Ludwigshaven Rowing Club (Germany), 1; Barcelona Rowing Club (Spain), 2. Second heat: Minerva Club (Amsterdam), 1; Club Nautique de Lyons (France), 2. Third heat: Germania Club (Hamburg), 1; Roubaix Rowing Club, 2. The final heats were rowed on Sunday with the following results. The committee, considering that Ashe had been harshly dealt with, allowed him to row in the semi-final. He was, however, beaten into third place in the final heat, H. Barrelet (Société Nautique d'Enghien) proving the winner. A. Gaudin (Société Nautique Basse Seine) was second. The senior eights were won by the Vesper Club, Philadelphia, the Nautique de Ghent being second, and the Minerva Club of Amsterdam third. The Roubaix Club (France) won the senior fours, Lyons (France) being second and the Favorite Hammonia (Hamburg) third.

DOMINOES.—TOM BLOOD, OF KENnington, and Harry Norton, of Camberwell, the late penciller of Clapham and a good dominoe player, on Thursday last played two grand games at Mr. J. H. Morley's, the Grosvenor Arms, Grosvenor Park, Camberwell. The affair was witnessed by a select few. Single-handed game one round. In the first game Norton won by one hole only, and in the second game Norton again asserted his superiority by winning by two holes. These men will meet again to-morrow (Thursday) at 8 p.m. for another match at the Grosvenor Arms, when some good play (for a trophy) will be witnessed. For the above matches Mr. J. Tuhey, of Camberwell, representing THE MIRROR OF LIFE, was scoretaker.

DOG RACING.—OWEN PAGE TO Thomas Bayton.—Seeing that Thomas Bayton challenges the world with his dog Khaliffa, Owen Page, the Globe Inn, Neath, is willing to run his black dog Spring against Thomas Bayton's dog Khaliffa the best of thirty-one courses, eighty yards drop, for £25 a-side, to run at Bridgend on Monday, October 1. I deposit £2 as part of £25. Hoping this will meet with approval. [£2 received.—ED.]

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—The race for the English sculling championship, which will take place in the afternoon of September 10, will be followed by two steamers. Each man has £100 posted; on September 6 the final deposit of £100 each will be made good.

ATHLETES INVALIDED FROM South Africa.—Major J. C. B. Eastwood, of the 12th Lancers, who is well known as winner for some years, with Captain Crawley, of the Army Racquets Doubles Championship, has been invalided home from the front, and is now staying at Esher Lodge, Esher, with his brother, Mr. W. Seymour Eastwood, a member of the Inns of Court Rifles. Another Esher athlete also invalided home is Mr. Hugh G. Peachey, the hon. secretary of the Esher Cricket Club, and second officer of the Esher Fire Brigade, who has been serving in South Africa with the Oxfordshire Company of the Imperial Yeomanry. He is a well-known member of the Stock Exchange. The same cause has brought about the return of Mr. H. R. Careless, one of the three members of the Thames Ditton Rowing Club who went out with the Imperial Yeomanry.

E. C. BREDIN v. GEORGE B. TINcler.—A match has been made between E. C. Bredin and George Tincler, for £50 (open for £100 a-side) and the Half-mile Championship, and will be decided at the County Ground, Northampton, on Monday, September 10.

CYCLING ROAD RECORD.—H. Green, of the Silverdale Cycling Club, London, arrived at Liverpool on Friday afternoon from the General Post Office, London, in the record time of eleven hours. He did not have a pacer. The previous record was held by Neeson, of the Anfield Club, Liverpool, who accomplished the same distance in eleven hours and forty-three minutes. He was paced by a motor.

BICYCLE RECORD BEATEN AT Bath.—W. A. Edmunds, the one mile N.C.U. champion, rode a quarter of a mile from a standing start on grass at the Bath Cycling Club's sports on Saturday in 34 1-5 sec. The previous best was Sadler's 34 3-5 sec at Kennington Oval in 1895. R. Alden (Bristol Wheelers), 65 yards, was first, and C. A. Sedgwick (Anerley), 40 yards start, second in the half-mile open bicycle handicap. T. Davies (Manchester) was first and W. H. Payne (West Roads) second in the five miles scratch race for the 80gs vase, but Payne won the three miles scratch race for the grand jubilee prize.

MR. W. ARMSTRONG'S ANNUAL Concert.—When the "Crossbuttocker" stages his yearly concert he is certain to have a large assembly of his admirers present. That held last Wednesday week was no exception to the rule, and the audience present testified to the popularity of the promoter. As a wrestler Armstrong was the light-weight champion forty years ago, and at Carlisle carried off the trophy for this in 1860. There were seventy-eight competitors, but the "Crossbuttocker" won easily. At Hornsey Wood he threw the champion, George Sanderson, but at Cremorne Gardens he had to acknowledge defeat by Sanderson, after throwing him in the first trial of the final falls. His greatest feat was that when at the Agricultural Hall he threw thirteen out of sixteen, including Clem Kennedy, who had come 300 miles to win the 11st championship. Wrestling was and is still on the decline, and at various times Armstrong has had to defend his title. In 1871 he won the amateur championship medal, Mr. Walter Moresby Chinnery acting as judge. The Emperor of France and the Prince Imperial witnessed a competition at Bromley, where after injuring his shoulder Armstrong had to retire, and the trophy went to John Graham, of Carlisle. He acted as hon. secretary to the Cumberland and Westmoreland Wrestling Society from 1868 to 1880. Among his contributions to wrestling literature the following are worth attention: "Wrestliana," published in 1870; the wrestling artist in the Badminton Library; wrestling in every boy's book of sport. He was and is continually engaged in writing articles on this most scientific sport, and when a referee is wanted for wrestling Armstrong is always engaged, as he knows every point in the game. To mention all the artists that obliged last Wednesday would be too great a task, but all that were present enjoyed themselves till, as the midnight hour was chiming, the Henry VIII. closed its doors. That well-known sportsman, Mr. Steve Morgan (proprietor of this celebrated hostelry in Union Street, Boro'), presided at the piano. Among the audience we noticed a young lady who attracts attention at a noted hostelry not far from the offices of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

TROTTING AT WEMBLEY PARK.—Splendid weather favoured the trotting meeting promoted by this club at Wembley Park last Thursday week, and as there was no racing to clash with it anywhere, being sandwiched between the Kempton Park and Windsor Meetings, it attracted the largest company yet seen at any of the meetings held under the present management. The card consisted of a Mile and a Half Handicap, for which there were forty-seven entries, divided into seven preliminary heats, the winner of which, with the two fastest seconds, were allowed to trot in semi-finals, so that there should not be more than four horses start for the final heat, and a match between two ponies for £10 a-side, distance one mile, so that the programme was a lengthy one, including no fewer than eleven races. As will be seen by the return below, the racing throughout the afternoon was of a very exciting character, the finishes in several of the heats being much closer than usual in sport of this description. Speculation also ruled brisk, without, however, either backers or layers obtaining any distinct advantage, as several warm favourites were bowled over. The best of order was maintained from start to finish, and the only incident to mar the sport occurred in the second semi-final heat, in which the driver of Mr. Iles' Ladysmith was alleged to have prevented Mr. Beevor's Eliza from passing him, and for which the stewards, on hearing the complaint, disqualified Duller, the driver, from driving at any more of their meetings during the present season. The final furnished a magnificent race, which ended in the defeat of Mr. Beevor's mare, who was a very pronounced favourite, by Mr. Saunders's Kitty Maria, who started in a field of four at the healthy odds of 3 to 1. The match turned out a very one-sided affair, as Mr. Bunn's Scotch Poll, who allowed Mr. Buckley's Little Doll 50yd start in one mile, won easily.

CYCLING IN PARIS.—THE 100 KILO International cycling race at the Parc des Princes on Sunday afternoon was won by Englishman Walters in 1hr 44min 17 2-5 sec. He beat Huret, the French rider, by two minutes. Chase, another English rider, had to give up in consequence of an accident.

CROWLEY LOSES THE WHITE Rose Trophy.—Had F. G. Crowley, of the Silverdale Cycling Club, won the White Rose trophy in the two miles open scratch race at Harrogate on Saturday it would have become his own property, as he won it last year. He was beaten on the post, however, by A. Braithwaite, a local rider, who, with 60 yards start, also won the novices' mile handicap.

MR. FOXHALL KEENE, THE OWNER of the Dual Winner of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.—Mr. James R. Keene, the well-known American financier and sportsman, has bought a house in England, which he intends to make his permanent residence. It is added that Mr. Keene will take over an extensive racing stable. His business friends, however, discredit the report. Mr. Keene was born in London in 1838, and went to California with his family in 1852. He is the owner of Disguise II., who finished third in the Derby to Diamond Jubilee, and who also holds an engagement in the St. Leger.

THE INDIAN CHAMPION WRESTler.—Gullam, the Indian champion, is the greatest wrestler the world ever produced in the catch-hold style. He is under 14st in weight, but the rapidity of his movements is something marvellous, and he usually floors his man before the opposition knows what has happened. Gullam will be in London shortly, and will throw the gauntlet down to all comers. Here is a chance for Steadman and Louden, Carkkeek and Tom Cannon. There is none of the acrobatic business about Gullam, so prominently displayed at certain London theatres of variety some years ago in the metropolis, consequently those who have the temerity to tackle the Indian will have to look out, as he is no carpet or feather-bed performer, but artful as the first serpent, strong and resolute as a lion, and lissom as a trout.

SKITTLE MATCH FOR £10 TROPHY —The postponed match between Mr. Schaum, late of the Red Lion, Borough, and Mr. Regan, of London Bridge, was decided recently at Mr. William Brookes's establishment, the Globe, Etheldred Street, Lambeth. The commodious alley was crowded with sportsmen from all parts. The competitors played with a 13lb ball, eleven chalks. Mr. J. Dryden officiated as referee, and Mr. W. H. Brookes, sen., was scoretaker. Mr. Brookes, jun., ably looked after the general arrangements. It was indeed a most exciting game. Several ties were made, and the result was that Schaum won by one chalk only. Messrs. Bocking, West, and other gentlemen from Hoxton were present.

SKITTLES. — MESSRS. SCHAUM and Regan, of the Borough, who played such a very exciting game recently, will again meet and try conclusions for superiority and a £20 trophy (this time); please note. All lovers of skittle playing are invited to be present, not forgetting Messrs. Bocking, West, Skinner, and other friends. The affair takes place at Mr. William Brookes, the Globe, Etheldred Street, Lambeth.

CUT OFF BY THE INCOMING TIDE.

Narrow Escape of Four Young Girls.

(Subject of Illustration.)

VENTURESOME people who do not understand the locality or the tides have sometimes to pay the penalty of their rashness in taking strolls along the sands or beach when holiday-making, and earn a well-deserved fright by finding themselves cut off from their friends. A party of four young ladies were caught in this way at Paington. Fortunately the tide, which had risen, did not cover more than twelve inches where they had taken refuge, and by wading through the receding tide two hours later the four, more frightened than hurt, looked a bit the worse for their adventure.

HUSBAND'S REVENGE ON HIS WIFE'S PARAMOUR.

A Man Shot and Mortally Wounded While Eloping With the Woman.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A RUNAWAY affair which ended disastrously to one of the party occurred in a Mexican village. The wife of a farmer became enamoured of a man who occasionally called to sell his wares, and the pair decided to leave the country, intending to tramp to the coast, and take the first vessel that sailed, but the husband in company with a friend tracked the pair, and coming upon them unsuspectingly brought the man down with his rifle. The latter was seriously wounded and is not expected to recover.

RARE BOOKS.

IMMENSE BARGAINS.

"Aristotle's Great Works," nearly 500 pages, 2s., a 320 page edition, 1s. 6d. "Plain Home Talk," 959 pages, 200 illustrations, 6s. "Maria Monk," cloth bound, 40 illustrations, 1s. 6d. "Revelations of Girlhood," 36 chapters, 1s. "An Artist's Model," illustrated, 1s. "The Lady's Maid," illustrated, 9d. "The Footman," illustrated, 9d. "The Ballet Girl," illustrated, 9d. "London by Night," illustrated, 9d. "Paris by Night," illustrated, 9d. "Fanny Hill," illustrated, 9d., or these EIGHT books, value 6s. 6d., sent to any part of the world on receipt of 4s. Money Order, Postal Order, or stamps. A full list of others 2 stamps. "Transparent Playing Cards," showing the beautiful pictures, Male and Female, 52 in each pack, post free, 1s. 9d., better, 3s. 6d. "Transparent Dominoe Playing Cards," 28 in each pack, 1s. 2d. Address—
F. L. REID, West Green Road, London, N
[Advt

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during September:—

SEPTEMBER 3.—At Wonderland, Jack Everhardt v. Tom Ireland, twenty rounds; Bill Pike v. "Ginger" Elliott, twenty rounds; Ernest Brady v. Archie Wright, fifteen rounds; Jack Fitzpatrick v. "Dummy" Forrest, fifteen rounds.

SEPTEMBER 10.—At Wonderland, George Gardiner (of Ireland) v. Frank Craig ("The Coffee Cooler"), twenty rounds; Bert Adams v. "Ponk" Andrews, fifteen rounds.

SEPTEMBER 10.—Billy Plimmer v. George Corfield.

SEPTEMBER 22.—J. T. Hull's Boxing Tournament, Drill Hall, Woolwich.

BOB FITZSIMMONS PUTS TOM SHARKEY TO SLEEP IN TWO ROUNDS.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS KNOCKED out Thomas Sharkey in two rounds last Friday night. It was Cornwall against Ireland, and the Cornishman won with ease. Over 6,000 people went to Coney Island to witness the contest. Fitzsimmons was favourite, and though his admirers offered liberal prices they were unable to place much money on. Sharkey, who had exchanged blow for blow with Jeffries for twenty-five rounds, rushed at Fitzsimmons after the first bell, and swung his left on Fitz's slim body. He side-stepped, and as Sharkey went by hit him heavily with the right. The sailor pugilist dashed at the ex-champion like a madman, but was beaten back again with terrific blows. Bob Fitzsimmons, lithe and supple, despite his thirty-seven years, used his left hand with amazing speed and accuracy, and landed almost at will on face and body. Tom Sharkey could not block the Cornishman's deadly left-handers, and the blows which beat down Ruhlin soon had the Irishman weak and gasping. Toward the end of the first round Sharkey fought desperately, and freely showered rights and lefts, swinging both hands. Fitzsimmons fought with fine judgment, and guarding with imperturbable coolness, left no opening to face or body. Just before the bell rang Sharkey rushed with such bull-like fury that he put Fitzsimmons down with a blow on the shoulder, and fell sprawling over him. The second round was fought at a terrific pace. Fitz used head, hands, and feet with marvellous science. His blows were full of steam, and stopped Sharkey's tremendous onslaught most effectively. Finding that Sharkey was weakening fast, Fitz started rushing, and plastered the great body of his antagonist with swings and straight blows, whose impact could be heard all over the club. Sharkey was wild; and under a succession of heavy blows on the jaw, fell, staying down the limit. He staggered up bravely, to be hammered at savagely by Fitzsimmons, who landed a terrific right over the heart, and a jarring left hook on the jaw. The sailor was all at sea, and Fitz looked at him contemptuously, and put all his strength into a left on the jaw that sent Sharkey across the ring upon his back. Tom tried heroically to get up, but was too dazed and exhausted to do so. He was counted out. The winner was cheered for several minutes. As in the fight with Ruhlin, Fitzsimmons displayed superlative generalship, icy coolness, unflinching courage, and a vigour in attack that was fatal to the stubborn Irish giant. Bob Fitzsimmons, having defeated Ruhlin and Sharkey decisively, has claimed his right to meet James J. Jeffries for the championship. He has challenged the champion to fight him on August 31, the last day that prize-fighting will be legal in New York State, and has posted $2,500 to bind a match. Jem Jeffries, he declares, cannot evade the meeting without being accused of cowardice. Jeffries, who, before Fitzsimmons's last victory, was willing to meet the former champion, now shows considerable unwillingness to make a match. Jeffries says that he will fight, however, if given time to train. Having beaten Fitzsimmons once, he is confident that he can do so again, and offers to wager £2,000 on himself. Fitzsimmons is in excellent condition, and fully confident that he will again be champion. The public believe that he will defeat Jeffries. Fitzsimmons has always held aloof from sporting men and methods, and has confined his connection with pugilism to the ring. After his public appearances he returns to private life as a model husband and father.

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THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF CALDER (SCOTLAND).

PATRICK WARD, LATE OF BALLY-mena, but now of Calder, v. Francis Duffie, Calderbank, late of Clydesdale.—These two men recently fought for the championship of Calderbank, outside of which place the men fought. Both men were in the pink of condition. Ward, although 2st lighter than Duffie, was in the pink of condition, the muscles standing out on his body like eggs. In spite of Ward's muscular development Duffie had more weight and staying power. Round 1. Both men sparred for an opening. Ward eventually swinging the left for the jaw, but this attempt Duffie countered, landing just above the heart. This blow so doubled up Ward that to save himself from further punishment he resorted to clinching. Duffie managed by his clever foot work to avoid a right-hand uppercut, and just as the contest was becoming interesting time was called. Round 2. Both men rose sharply in response to "Time," and after some clever sparring Ward landed a rare smack on the "pit," making Duffie double up like a two-foot rule, and brought that warrior to his knees, certainly not to say his prayers. Just as Ward thought he had his man settled Duffie sprang up from his attitude of prayer and delivered a sounding spank on Ward's left eye, completely closing the optic. This blow so utterly bewildered Ward that the contest would have been settled in this round had not time come to his rescue. Round 3. Duffie, who had been making the best of his 2st extra poundage, came to the scratch the fresher of the pair, and immediately carried the war into the enemy's territory, welting the body of poor Patrick until the Ballymena lad became exhausted and helpless. Duffie was not out for taking chances, so he popped in the right on the jaw and down fell Ward on his face on the hard boards, and so severe was the contusion that when the seconds raised poor Patrick to a recumbent position his face was as black with bruises as any Ethiopian's. Duffie was seconded by Neddy McCormic and Laurance Cannon. Ward was seconded by Johnny McLean and John Nicol, late light-weight champion of Lanarkshire.

GLOVE CONTEST FOR £20 AND a purse.—Charley Mustard (Earlsfield) v. W. Elsey (Wandsworth).—For some time past there has been a difference of opinion as to which of the above two was the better lad, and eventually they signed articles to box at catch-weight for £10 a-side and a purse of a similar amount subscribed by a few gentlemen in the district of Wandsworth. Of the pair, the Earlsfield lad is the better known, having on several occasions last season performed very creditably at the Drill Hall, Woolwich, whilst his opponent, with the exception of participating in a competition, has done little. Both men had had a fairly good preparation, Mustard being looked after by a well-known veteran runner, and his opponent by his brother. Thursday was the date fixed upon, and those invited assembled at a rendezvous shortly after ten, when the men entered the ring for the contest. Upon the lads facing each other, Mustard appeared both heavier and taller than his adversary. Little time was wasted in sparring, Elsey at once assuming aggressive tactics, and twice reached the face with the left without a return. However, the Earlsfield representative soon settled down and scored very effective'y with both hands on the body, but his opponent would not be stalled off, and with a straight left had somewhat the better of the exchanges when "Time!" was called. Resuming for the second time the deliveries on both sides were very fast, Mustard with his superior weight gradually wearing his man down, and had more than counterbalanced matters when the interval arrived. As they left their corners for the third time the Wandsworth man wore a rather flushed appearance from his adversary's previous visitation. The first minute he went exceedingly well until Mustard got home a heavy punch on the side of the head which staggered him, and following up his opportunity crossed his man with the right, from the effects of which Elsey went down. He, however, managed to get up, but was again served in a similar manner, and then being unable to rise in the stipulated time, Mustard was declared the winner of a very spirited contest.

PATSEY HALEY DEFEATS JACK TAIT.

PATSEY HALEY, OF STOCKTON, and Jack Tait, of Newcastle, met on Wednesday last at the rooms of the Stockton School of Arms and Physical Culture in a twelve rounds contest for £20 a-side and the club's purse of £25. Haley, who has never known defeat, was looked after by Alick McDonald, Peter Welsh, and Will Conlin. Tait, who was fresh from his victory over Harry Munrow, of Leicester, was handled by Bobby O'Neill, Jack Davison, and Young Molloy. The proceedings opened with a six rounds contest between Charles Conlin and Jack Pearson, both of Stockton. Both men fought fast, with honours about even in the first four rounds. Pearson had the best of the latter two rounds, and the referee gave him the verdict. This paved the way for the big event, and both men stepped into the ring without delay. Round 1. Tait made the first lead but it fell short, when they closed in, and Haley punched him lightly on the neck, and received a heavy right on the ribs. He tried to jab in the left, but Tait was away. Haley got in a beautiful left on the mouth, which he followed up with a right on the ribs. Tait tried for an opening with his right, but failed to lure Haley on, who smashed the left on the neck. Round 2. Tait came again with left and right, both countered, after which Jack swung the right for the jaw and clinched. In the break away Haley landed lightly with the left. A little cautious sparring, and Haley jabbed his left on the mouth and hooked his right on the neck. Both men were holding when time was called. Round 3. Haley was in evidence with the left. Tait reached his ribs twice, but failed to land a swing on the jaw, and received a terrible blow which staggered him. There followed a fast exchange of lefts and rights a clinch followed. Haley led twice without Tait retaliating. Round 4. Patsey shook him with lefts on the neck and mouth and right on the heart, for which he received a right in the kidneys and left in the stomach. Jack was almost floored with a left on the jaw, but was soon back and fought furiously to the end of the round. Round 5. Tait seemed to have fathomed Haley's left, for after Patsey led twice Jack sent two terrible swings for the jaw, either of which would have finished the fight if they had got there. Haley was all over Tait in this round. Round 6. Tait came up fresh, and landed lefts on the mouth and rights on the kidneys. Haley sent a left to the neck and right on the stomach which brought Tait up short. For the rest of the round Patsey did most of the leading. Both men were cautioned for holding in this round. Round 7. Haley was intent on forcing matters, and found his man with lefts on the head and rights on the body. Jack was more successful at his next attempt, and gave Patsey some nasty jolts on the body, but failed to get his terrible right home on the jaw, receiving the left on the mouth. Round 8. In this round both men fought like demons, and received the well-earned applause of the audience at the finish of the round. Round 9. Haley's leads were short, until he got a solid left on Tait's neck. Patsey then got a left to the body, and swung into a clinch. Tait sent a left to the ear. They sparred a moment, and Jack shot out with left and right, which Haley ducked cleverly. Both landed lefts and clinched. Round 10. Tait rushed and was met with a flush left over the eye and right on the wind. Jack rushed again and landed a left on the head. In a half clinch Haley pounded the body. Tait was coming all the time, but Patsey showed cleverness in blocking and putting in hot facers. It was fast fighting, and the crowd enjoyed it. Round 11. Tait rushed, but Haley avoided it by using his feet, but Jack was ready with another, and as they got half locked he belted the kidneys with the right. In the breakaway they both landed on the head. Round 12 and last. Haley commenced this round with a left. Tait retaliated with a right on the jaw. Patsey ducked from a left swing and countered on the stomach. Tait rushed again, but Haley was not there, he rushed again and was met with a flush left. Both men were using right and left when time was called, and Haley was declared the winner by W. Hopper, Referee, G. Boyd officiating as timekeeper.

PRIZE FIGHT INTERRUPTED IN Nottingham.—On Wednesday afternoon a prize fight, which had been arranged to take place in Sneinton Dale, was interrupted through the efforts of the City and County Police. The combatants were two well-known men connected with the racing fraternity. Superintendent Pick, who has charge of the Sneinton police district, had despatched two officers to act in conjunction with Inspector Goddard, of Carlton, and they succeeded in arresting one of the seconds and another man who was concerned in the fight. There was a struggle between the police and the spectators of the combat, and one man was rescued. The fight was for a substantial purse of money, and had lasted about half an hour before the police intervened.

IF PROFESSOR BEN NEWITT WILL send Frisky, of Tottenham, his address he will greatly oblige.

TOM IRELAND IN TRAINING.

IRELAND LIKES THE AIR AND breezes that are to be encountered on the banks of the Thames at Gravesend. For a number of his contests he has trained at this health resort, and the way he has fought testifies that as a training ground there are few in the United Kingdom that can beat it. On Monday, September 3, he meets the American champion for £400 and the light-weight championship. Besides the stake money (£100 a-side) a lot of money will change hands over the issue. Though slight odds are laid on Everhardt, the weight of metal behind the Londoner is bound to make it an even-money chance on the night of the contest. Ireland on Monday week took up his residence at the private house of Mrs. Baker, No. 26, The Terrace, Gravesend, and the initial portion of his training saw him get fit and capable of undergoing any amount of hard work. The latter part of the week saw a Bob Knott in attendance upon Ireland. He took up his residence also at Mrs. Baker's, and the good lady and her charming daughters do their very best to ensure their comfort. They have fixed up the punching-ball and the apparatus for all sorts of manly exercises at Mr. John Collins's, the Town Arms, Queen Street, Gravesend, and a room for rubbing purposes has been placed at their disposal by the worthy host. Every morning Ireland is up at 6.45 a.m., and a walk of three miles out and home leaves him, after a rub down, able to do full justice to whatever he fancies for breakfast. When an hour has passed a run (or when tired a walk) to either Rochester, Strood, Meopham, Northfleet, New Brompton, Higham, &c., and then in the gymnasium. Here he does a couple of hours' hard work, and a splendid appetite for dinner sets in. The afternoon's work is a repetition of the morning's, and Ireland is fortunate in having the advice of that good old-fashioned trainer, Fred Sinclair, who in the days that have passed trained, among scores of others, Harry Nickless, Joe Portley, Collins, and Tarrant. Sinclair knows every point in the art of getting a man fit to fight for the Championship of the World, and is always willing to give Ireland the benefit of his long experience, and also to assist him by every means in his power. If possible, he has promised to be at Wonderland when the battle takes place, and, in fact, it seems as if over 200 people will come from Gravesend, and at present they are laying odds of 5 to 4 on Tommy, and think that in London they will be able to trade better. When our representative arrived at the Town Arms a large company was present, among them being Ireland, Bob Knott, Ben Harris, J. E. Bull, J. Collins, &c. After the usual greetings a move was made upstairs and a concert proposed; this was speedily agreed to, and THE MIRROR OF LIFE voted to the chair, with Ireland in the vice. The talkative one (Ben Harris) knows a little of everything, and this time acted as pianist. A merry time was passed, the artists being many, but the best of all was Bob Knott, who was repeatedly encored, winding up with "A Kid Like Mine." When the concert had finished a move was made downstairs, where Tom's pastime consists of playing skittles with a 14lb cheese. Ireland is a very good player, and his pastimes and amusements, like his opponents, are reckoned to help in getting him fit. Unlike Everhardt, he can easily do the weight, 10st, without hard work, and he says that this time he is bound to win, as, at any rate, he has not left his strength on the road. Ireland has during the last seven years been meeting the best England could produce at from 9st 8lb to 10lb 6lb, and intends to beat all records this time. They (Ireland and Everhardt) meet at 10st, give and take nothing, and where the American will have all his work to do to scale Tommy will be extra strong at the weight. "This," says Ireland, "makes my chance very rosy, and I have no fear of the result. As for my opponent being an odds on chance, I feel confident of winning easily, and think this will be the best battle I have ever contested. These Yankees are all very well at fighting and rushing, but I can also do that, and a little bit more. Besides I was never so strong or felt better in my life, and you can tell the boys I am bound to win."

D. WALLACE V. COURTNEY.—AT the World's Fair Ground, Newport, Mon., Dave Wallace and Courtney of South Wales for £25.—The contest terminated, after four rounds of hard fighting, in favour of Wallace. J. Scarrett, at whose booth the contest took place, arranged to stop another week in Newport, and Wallace and Courtney were induced to repeat their fight in fifteen rounds for a £25 purse. J. Scarrett will visit St. Mary's Hill Fair with his boxing saloon on the 27th of this month, where he will be accompanied by some of the best men of talent. He would like to hear from Ivor Butcher and John Jenkins, Port Talbot.

GEORGE DUNNY IS SURPRISED AT nobody in the north of England answering his challenge. Dunny will box any lad in the north at 7st 4lb if Jemmy Lowes will give a purse.

(*Continued on page 10.*)

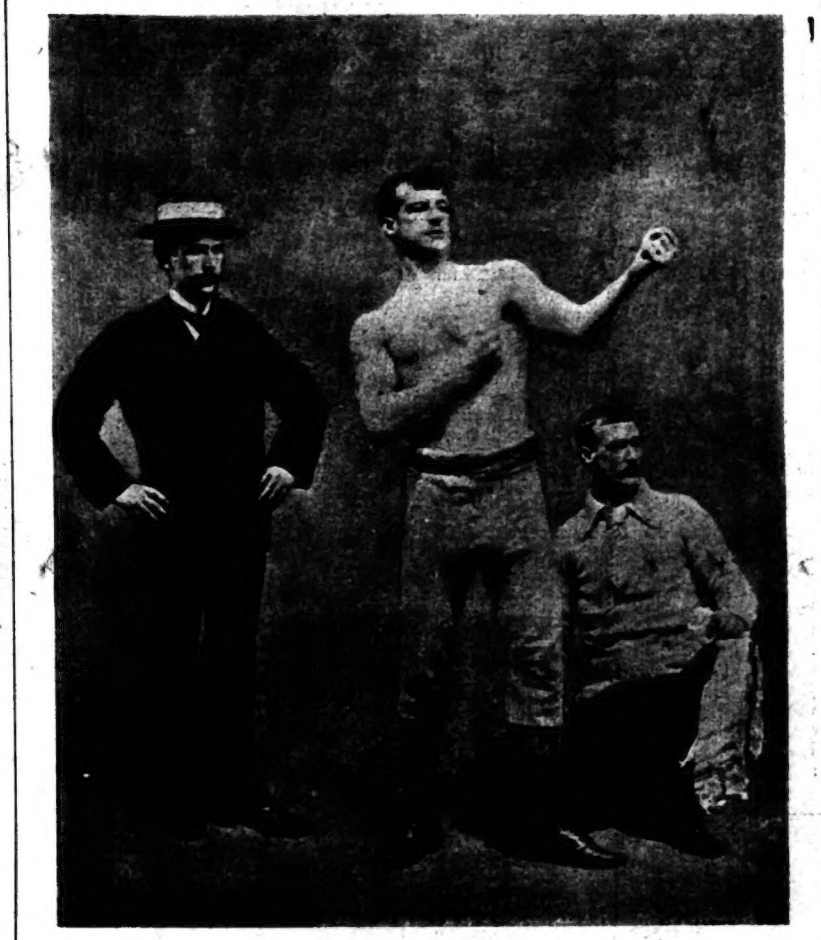
Mrs. J. Doyle, Jim Conlon, Jack Doyle, Fred Linsey, and Harry McDermott.

THE ABERDEEN ARMS,
A Well-known Sporting Resort in North Shields.

HARRY EWENS,
A South Coast Champion, and Proprietor of the St. James's Tavern, Brighton.

HE WOULD DO AS SIPIDO DID.
An Anarchist Shoots at his Employer in New York.

STAFF-SERGEANT HALL,
A Capable Long-distance Bicycle Rider.



JACK DOYLE. JIM CONLON. CHARLEY DUGGAN.

JIM CONLON,
The Winner of the Pitmen's Heavy-Weight Championship at Newcastle on August 4, with his Trainer and Backer.

A GERMAN BAND GETS ROUGHLY TREATED.
The Music had Upset the Temper of the Crowd.

(*Continued from Page 7.*)

A BATTLE WITH THE KNUCKLES.

CHARLIE KEAN, OF LONDON, MUST regret that he was born a little too late. Had Charlie been born in the palmy days of the prize ring he might have made a name for himself in the chronicles of the prize ring. As it is combats which once upon a time were brought off on the breezy common are now relegated to a fight in a back garden at Clapham or thereabouts. The match under notice was for a tenner a-side and a purse. The palm of experience must be given to the winner, Kean. Within the last three years he has fought nine battles with bare fists in and around the metropolis, winning eight clean off and drawing one. In the first instance he met Ted Morley, St. Luke's, whom he knocked out in two rounds. Next he defeated Ike Jarvis in six rounds, and Bill Tonge, of Poplar, in five rounds. Not satisfied with his previous defeat, Ike Jarvis again challenged Kean. The contest on this occasion was a very severe one, but at the end of the twelfth round Ike had once more to submit to Charlie's prowess. Then Kean found an antagonist in Jack Kavanagh, of Birmingham, whom he polished off in a round and a half. Kean's next battle proved to be the thickest one he ever fought, for after twenty punishing rounds he could only succeed in making a draw with Wally Kent. Charlie, however, had his revenge when the two next met, Wally receiving his quietus after seven rounds. Kean's last success, prior to Saturday night's encounter, of which details are given below, was over Ted Smith, of Westminster, who was sent to sleep at the finish of the third round. Ted Ellis, of Earlsfield, has a very fair reputation. The fight with Kean was his sixth contest in the prize ring, and only once before had he been beaten. His first fight was with C. M'Connell, whom he disposed of in five rounds; then he vanquished G. Wallis in fourteen rounds, but was beaten by G. Slade after a very warm encounter which lasted over twenty-five rounds. His last two battles were practically gifts, for he knocked out "Kid" Terry in the first round, and lowered the colours of Tiny Carr in three rounds. Kean is thirty years of age, as against Ellis's twenty-five, while the latter has also a great advantage in both height and weight, standing 5ft. 6in., and scaling 11st 10lb, as against 5ft. 4in. and 10st 6in. Both men had undergone careful training, and when they entered the ring at a well-known institution not a hundred miles away from the Wimbledon Road, both appeared to be in the pink of condition. A doctor, as a matter of precaution, was in attendance. The seconds and other officials were all well-known sportsmen. The secret as to the hour and locality of the meeting was known only to a few immediately interested parties, and the police, consequently, were in entire ignorance of the fixture and had no opportunity of interfering with the proceedings. At the outset Ellis was the more fancied of the two, and odds of 5 to 4 were freely laid on the Earlsfield champion. After the fourth round, however, the betting veered round to 5 to 4 on Kean, who was then going strong and well, and the latter justified the confidence of his backers by knocking his opponent out in the next round with a terrific smash with his right, which unfortunately fractured Ellis's left jaw. Needless to say, the injured pugilist's damages at once received prompt medical treatment on the spot. Both men underwent considerable punishment. Kean did not show many signs of his antagonist's visitations on the dial, but he was badly bruised about the ribs and body. The fight lasted nearly twenty-five minutes, and appended are details of

Round 1. The men entered the ring and took their corners shortly after half-past five. Both for a time sparred cautiously for an opening, neither apparently caring to lead off. Kean was the first to let go with the left, which landed lightly on Ellis's ribs. This the Londoner quickly followed up with a vicious upper cut, which took effect, and sent the Earlsfield lad to the ground. Round 2. Ellis evidently did not relish this rough treatment, and when "Time" was called at once took the active offensive. He rushed at his man with a will, but Kean was too clever, and slipped away. Ellis, however, was not to be denied. He followed Kean up, and landed a terrific punch on the chest with his left, which made the gentle youth wince. Kean retorted by making a rush at his rival, but "nabbed" a hot one on the neck, and was knocked off his feet. Round 3. Kean seemed to come up wonderfully fresh and strong, and at once adopted forcing tactics. He went well after the Romany, and landed heavy punches on both chin and ribs. This was not by any means to Ellis's liking, who seemed to be beginning to get into trouble. He made a wild rush at Kean, who again smartly dodged him, and Ellis, in his eagerness to administer a knock-out, fell through the ropes. Round 4. Both men looked fresh after the fast play of the previous two rounds. It was evident that the Earlsfield representative meant to try and finish the fight as rapidly as possible, for he went hammer and tongs at his man, and as the result of some heavy in-fighting Kean seemed to have the worst of the exchanges, and received severe punishment about the body. But for all that he stuck to his opponent like a leech. It was then seen by Ellis's supporters with some apprehension that their champion was rapidly tiring with his exertions. Kean was not slow to take advantage of this opportunity. He went for his man with both right and left, worked him into a corner, and feinting with his left, landed a terrific right-hander on the jaw, which only just escaped the "point," but which, all the same, felled Ellis close by the ropes. Round 5 and last. When he came up it was more than ever evident that the ugly punishment of the previous round had left Ellis in queer straits, and Kean received orders to go for him. This the Fleet Street gem did with a vengeance, and Ellis came in for heavy punishment on the ribs. The Surrey lad now tried to make the most of the ring, but Kean was not to be denied and would give him no rest. With a terrible smash he banged him against the ropes, and as Ellis rebounded administered another slashing blow from the right on the point of the jaw which felled him like a log. Ellis was counted out, and Kean was duly declared the victor. It was afterwards discovered that Ellis's jaw had been rather badly fractured on the left by the knock out blow. His injuries, however, received prompt attention. The fight was declared by those who witnessed the encounter to have been one of the fiercest and fastest seen for a long time.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.—BILL Fielder's Benefit.—Last Monday evening was set aside at this most popular resort as a benefit for Bill Fielder, of Walworth. The beneficiaire has had a most successful career in the arena, his last fight being with Pluto, the Australian black. A series of diseases put Bill in the hospital for over three months, and then his friends rallied round him at a special assault-at-arms promoted for his benefit. Space prevents more than brief details. THE MIRROR OF LIFE was put into the chief position of referee, with Albert Dixon and Joe Smith clocking, while talkative Ben Harris was M.C. Six Rounds Contests: Harry Slough beat Frank Exall.—The former had the advantage of height, weight, and reach, but Exall made a hard battle, and it was in the latter portion of the journey that Slough drew away and won on points. Joe Barrett beat Jack Lewis. The black's rushes were easily eluded by his scientific opponent, and the American took a terrific hiding; but game, he went the full distance, trying to get the right home without success, and Barrett won easily. Tom King v. Nat Keyser.—Keyser makes a better fight with King than anyone, and this meeting was only a repetition of many other battles. First King had the best of it, and then his opponent, till at the end the verdict was a draw. Jem Exall beat Jack Solomons.—Solomons was making a first appearance in the ring, and his acquaintance with it promises a name and record for him if he likes it. Though slightly heavier than Exall, he set a rare pace, and hitting very hard, had the best of the opening rounds, but tiring, his opponent easily outpointed him and won. Sid Scales and Harry Paul gave a fine exhibition of the noble art, being compelled to reappear. The beneficiaire and brother Alf wound up with a rattling good display.

ALF BALL'S BIG 'UN.—ALF BALL at the present time has a big 'un performing in his show who should make some of the tall talkers hum. He is an ex-R.N. sailor from Woolwich named Ben Taylor. Ben is only 19 years of age, stands 5ft. 10½in., and weighs 14 stone, with very little superfluous adiposity. Alf Ball, who knows a good deal of the game, is coaching the young fellow who wishes to have a smack at any Englishman near his weight. Should the repeal of the Horton law send some of the American champions over here we trust we shall have in this sample of home material a worthy foeman to that other ex-sailor Tom Sharkey, and may be some others.

BILLY BROOKS, OF BRISTOL.—HE is better now! Eighteen rounds of hard fighting, which he eventually won, brought Brooks, of Bristol, otherwise "The Wild Rover," to Harrow-on-the-Hill in a state of utter collapse, black eyes, a nearly broken nose, and much contused fingers being only a few of the many smarts from which Brooks suffered! (We have not heard how the loser fared.) Brooks was sufficiently recovered on Wednesday last, however, to leave Harrow for a sparring booth in the North of England; but he wished before he settled down to real hard work, the above being a little pleasant exercise, to thank all his friends through THE MIRROR OF LIFE for their kindness to him under the above trying circumstances.

BOXING AT MALTA.

THE ROYAL CLARENCE THEATRE, Corradins, Malta, was filled to excess on August 16, when, in addition to a capital night's entertainment, T. Neil (A.B., H.M.S. Illustrious) and Private Hackshaw (Royal Marines, H.M.S. Venus) competed for the Light-Weight Championship of the station, which was of eight rounds duration. Lieutenant Cole, R.M.L.I., officiated as referee; timekeeper, Mr. Turner, R.N.; and the judges were Mr. E. Underdown, gymnastic instructor, and Mr. H. Danaford, both of H.M.S. Victorious. For the championship contest neither lad had undergone much training. Neil, perhaps, appeared the fitter of the pair, and moreover possessed an advantage in weight. On the other hand, Hackshaw was the taller, and certainly had the longest reach. In the first round Hackshaw got home on Neil's dial with his left, and likewise pasted his ribs. Rounds 2, 3, and 4 were hotly contested, Hackshaw again landing his left repeatedly. Neil boxed pluckily, and more than once banged in both left and right vigorously. During the fifth round Hackshaw tired, and Neil following him up, administered some stinging right-handers on the side of the head. Rattling good rounds proved the sixth and seventh. Possibly Neil's blows had the most effect. On facing for the eighth round Neil was the strongest, and going for his man with right good will, punched him heavily on the body with his left. Half-way through Hackshaw dropped his hands to his side. It looked all over with him. Gallantly he rallied, and had none the worse of the heavy exchanges that ensued. From here to the call of "Time!" Neil held a slight lead, and decidedly finished up the stronger of the two. On the judges disagreeing, the referee gave it as a draw—a decision which was heartily cheered by all hands. A six rounds contest between R. Curtis, H.M.S. Empress of India, and W. Ware, H.M.S. Illustrious, created great excitement. Both went at it for all they were worth from the start, Curtis getting home repeatedly on the face, and he likewise showed great dexterity in avoiding the heavy swingers of his opponent. When "Time!" was announced Ware was adjudged the winner. Both men were loudly applauded for their game and powerful display. A capital contest the outcome of the six rounds between Tobin (H.M.S Renown) and Butler (H.M.S. Vulcan), give-and-take accompanied by hard punching. The outcome of the first round was Butler's starboard peeper a bit damaged. In the second round Tobin punished his man about the face, and continued to jab his left on the injured sidelight. The latter, however, stood up gamely, and more than once administered pepper to Tobin. It proved a close and determined contest to the finish, but the award went to Tobin. Deafening applause greeted the exhibition boxing given by Mr. E. Underdown, gymnastic instructor, and Mr. J. Scott, H.M.S. Victorious. It was a grand exposition of the noble art, in fact one of the most scientific ever seen in the Clarence Theatre.

W. BOND, OF H.M.S. PRINCE George, hearing that H. Williams, stoker, of H.M.S. Spanker, is so anxious to get on a match with him, he will box him any number of rounds for as much money as he can find and the best purse offered, immediately on the arrival of the Channel Fleet in Portsmouth. Failing the offer of a purse the match could be brought off privately in Portsmouth.

NEXT WEEK

We shall publish a Full Account of the Great Battle between

BOB FITZSIMMONS

Former Heavy-Weight Champion of the World

AND

TOM SHARKEY

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT AT THE RING SIDE.

Order from your Newsagent at once.

BOXING IN FRANCE.

RACING AT DEAUVILLE BROUGHT about a meeting of the Fancy at Trouville, in the Municipal Theatre. English racing men who patronise the sport across the Channel like to see a little boxing, and on this occasion Joe Parker, of Wood Green, and Tom Cooper, of Islington, decided to battle for a purse. Round 1. Cooper was the first to enter the ring, being waited on by Charley Williams, nephew to "Barney" Sheppard, and ex-8st 2lb champion, the latter, by the bye, having brought over Senateur to run in the Grand Prix de Deauville. Parker had for his second George Attfield. Parker was the first to lead off, but was short with his left. Trying again, he landed on the mouth, in return getting a thick right-hander just over the heart. On the lads getting to close quarters they gave punch for punch, and were in the midst of a grand rally when "Time!" was called. Round 2. Joe commenced by sending his left on the mouth. Tom then rushed at his man and swung his right for the head. However, the Wood Green lad ducked in fine style, amidst the applause of the company. Parker, after a little sparring, let go left and right, Cooper depending too much on his right for a knock-out, and when sent to their corners the claret was visible on his mouth. Round 3. Parker, as usual, was the first to lead off, his straight left hand doing a deal of execution. Tom once or twice got home some thick 'uns on the body. Rounds 4, 5, 6 and 7. The same kind of fighting took place in these rounds, Parker doing the leading, while Tom tried his hardest to get his right home, but the Wood Green representative's head was not in the place Tom wanted it to be. Round 8. Cooper, acting on the advice of Williams, started at a rapid rate, bustling up Parker, the latter having to duck out of several right-handers. Just before the call of time Cooper caught Joe with the right, which staggered him. Joe, looking dazed, went to his corner. Rounds 9 and 10. In these two rounds Parker did not exert himself, taking time to recover from the punch on the jaw, and Cooper, not being in the best of condition, was glad of a rest. Round 11. Joe came up wonderfully refreshed, and at once set the pace, planting his left on Tom's left ear, which had filled out. Working well within distance, Joe brought the right across, and down went Cooper. He, however, rose in the gamest manner, and fought out the round. Rounds 12 to the finish. In all these rounds Parker, who was as strong as at the commencement, was always the first to lead, Cooper not having fairly recovered from the effects of the blow received in the eleventh round, and though Cooper essayed all a man could do to avert defeat, Parker held the trump card, and was declared the winner of a really well-fought contest.

BOXING AT THE GOODWIN CLUB on Monday Night.—Eight Rounds Contest: Alf Leeper (Canning Town) beat Tom Griffin (Poplar).—A very evenly-matched pair, who set to work with a will in the initial round, without either being able to claim any advantage. Some good left-handed work in the second round enabled Leeper to take a slight lead. A similar state of things prevailed in the third and fourth rounds, and in the fifth Griffin was sent to the boards. Upon coming up for the sixth time Griffin showed to great advantage, and just before close had Leeper down. The last two rounds were well contested, but Leeper never lost his early advantage, and gained the award after a magnificent struggle. Twenty Rounds Contest for £75: Bill Johnson (Canning Town) beat Tom Loates (Poplar).—Johnson had the advantage in height and reach, this being very apparent as they faced each other. Loates had as seconds Arthur Westley, Jem Brock, and Jem Saunders, whilst the wants of Johnson were attended to by Bill Hudson, Dick Pepper, and George Johnson. Cautious sparring was the feature of the opening round. In the second Johnson made an attempt to force the work, but he was wild in his deliveries, and Loates scored freely. Johnson did better in the third, "Time" being called with both at a standstill. Johnson had all the best of the third, Loates being sent to the boards, where he remained 8sec. In the fourth and fifth rounds Loates was knocked all over the place, and the referee stopped the bout, and declared Johnson the winner.

BILLY TUCKER, OF AMERICA, TO "Pedlar" Palmer.—Billy Tucker, who has met the best in America, would like to box "Pedlar" Palmer for a purse and a side bet of £100. Will meet him at THE MIRROR OF LIFE (the Editor to hold stakes and appoint timekeeper and referee) any time to make arrangements and post a deposit.

CHARLES GLENE, OF COAT-bridge, will box Tom Croll or Young McMullen any number of rounds for a side bet and the best purse offered at any club. A reply through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be at once attended to.

JACK WEBB, OF BETHNAL GREEN, would like to box Bill Pincombe six or eight rounds if Mr. J. T. Hulls will give a purse.

BOXING IN IRELAND.

DEFEAT OF JACK FITZPATRICK, OF LIVERPOOL, BY ROACHE, OF WEXFORD.

IT IS NEARER SIX THAN FIVE years ago that we saw Harry Spurden, of Battersea, meet Jack Fitzpatrick, of Liverpool, at the Bolingbroke Club, Battersea, and we are sure that had the homer been a bit more persevering he must have won the contest. As it was, Spurden gave in, and Fitzpatrick, who could not have lasted another round owing to reasons which we discussed then, was hailed the winner. Time does not improve a publican boxer, as was shown by the once champion's meeting with a comparative novice like Roache, of Wexford, to whom Jack fell an easy victim in less than four rounds. Details:—As they faced each other the more youthful appearance of Roache impressed the onlookers, and his broad shoulders and long arms made him appear a powerful opponent for Fitz to tackle. The last-named led, but was short, through his rival stepping back in trying to lead. In a second Jack fell forward and napped a beauty on the face from his opponent's left. Following up quickly, Roache, with a right on the body, drove Fitz to the ropes, and while there they banged away freely at each other's body. Slightly retreating, Jem got in a swinging right on the cheek and sent his adversary down. The latter rose sharply, but was very dazed, and after missing a wicked aim he rushed to close quarters, and remained there until recovering. Roache could not avoid the pressure of his opponent, subsequently tried to get in body hits, and seizing the opening offered Jack promptly banged the right heavily on the jaw. Roache reeled across the ring, but the ropes saved him from falling. Fitz, driving the right on the ribs, brought the Wexford man down just as time was called. Round 2. Roache came up very fresh, and after avoiding a left lead he landed a double hit on either side of the Irish-Canadian's face. Then ensued some fierce rallies amidst a scene of wild enthusiasm with the spectators. The extra weight of Roache here began to tell, and Fitz wore a woebegone appearance. He was bleeding from the nose and mouth, while an old wound under his eye re-opened. The latter made a number of vicious swings, but was altogether out of distance. Roache, although exhibiting plenty of care, scored fast, and on going to his seat was clearly master of the situation. Round 3. Fitz left his seat slowly, and after a few passes he made the most of the ring. A couple of exciting rallies took place, but Roache did nearly the whole of the scoring. Fitz went down twice, but rose, and made a desperate effort to pull his backers through. Towards the finish Jem sent in four jabs on the mouth. Round 4. This was started with an even rally, but soon gave way to some uneven work. Roache rushed in, swinging the right on the jaw with staggering effect, and later he sent Fitz down heavily. After another smart exchange of blows at close quarters Jem banged both hands on the face, and this rendered his opponent very weak. As a last effort, Fitz swung both hands at random, and while so doing Roache stepped well in, and crossing him with the right clean on the point, sent Jem heavily to the boards, where he would have long remained but for the assistance of his seconds, who, at the request of the referee, were called upon to render assistance. The bout had lasted 2min 46sec when Fitz fell, and on Roache being announced as the winner a roar of cheers rent the air. Jem Clark, "Nick" Tennant (trainer), and Lal Phelan seconded the winner; while Jack Jones, Dan Willigan, of Birkenhead, and Tom Molloy looked after the loser.

"WAG" LANSDOWN NOW AT the Front with General French.—"Wag" Lansdown is well known to many of our readers as the champion light-weight of the Army when serving in the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, having about eighteen months back been transferred to the reserves. When the Boer war broke out he was one of the first to be called up, sailing for the front last November. On arrival at the Cape his old battalion (the 2nd) was besieged at Ladysmith, and he joined the 6th Battalion Mounted Infantry, serving under General French. He has been in the thick of the fighting, and had some narrow escapes. On one occasion a bullet entered his water-bottle and came out at the cork hole. When out scouting near Snaildeel he got a flesh wound in the leg from one of the Boer snipers, and to give him a rest from hard riding he was sent down country with a party of Boer prisoners to Bloemfontein, where he got "knocked out" with fever. To use his own words: "We came down in open coal-trucks, and lying at night in the trucks amongst the Boers, I think that is how I got it." After a bad three weeks in hospital at Bloemfontein he was invalided to Wynberg Convalescent Hospital, where he soon picked up strength and got passed as medically fit for the front again, and is now with his old leader (General French) once more. Let us hope we may soon have him with us again, when he is sure to meet with a hearty reception.

EASTLEIGH v. BRIXTON.

BRIXTON FAIL TO OBTAIN THE WINNING POINT FOR THE EASTLEIGH SHIELD.

DANGERFIELD (EASTLEIGH) v. SANDERS (BRIXTON).

THESE TWO ANTAGONISTS HAVing met on a previous occasion, when the match was decided in Sanders's favour, great interest was taken in this contest, and long before the time of commencing the hall was overcrowded. The match, however, was opened in grand style, both men's movements being good and well directed. The second round was somewhat in Dangerfield's favour, who placed Sanders on the ground very easily. In the third round Dangerfield seemed to be having matters all his own way till about midway, through same, when Sanders began to awaken and with one or two severe drives placed Dangerfield low, who, however, immediately rose. Then matters proceeded steadily and evenly till the fifth round was opened, when Sanders tried hard to deal the deciding blow, but Dangerfield having put on a sturdy defence, warded off the attack splendidly. Then opened the sixth round, which was still in Sanders's favour, but Dangerfield was taking matters steadily with a view to a good finish, which he put into effect in the following round. The seventh round had now opened, and Dangerfield, with the dash of a lion, set about Sanders with right and left, sending him about the ring absolutely powerless, and putting him to the ground on three occasions. In the eighth round, Sanders was driven to the ropes, and with a terrific drive from Dangerfield's right, Sanders was defeated amid great excitement. What do Brixton think of the Eastleigh candidates now, I wonder? Are they now as confident of securing the Croydon Cup as they were before this decision? The first round for the Croydon Cup took place at Croydon on August 21, the second round on August 29, and the third round on September 4, after which the Eastleigh secretary will forward the half-yearly list, showing each member's form during that period, which will be published in this paper a week or so after its receipt. In answer to Mr. Bramwell's (a Brixton member) challenge, just received, Pennell, the Eastleigh member, will be willing to fight him the best of eleven rounds on any date he may fix up upon his giving seven days' notice.

BILLY PLIMMER V. GEORGE CORfield.—In view of his coming contest with Corfield, which will be decided on or about September 10, Plimmer has already commenced training. Since his last engagement at Stalybridge with Harry Ware, when an injury to one of his hands early in the battle prevented Plimmer from doing himself justice, the Brum has lived very carefully, and at the present time he is very little above his fighting weight. Under the guidance of Alf Robb, the once famous cyclist, who prepared Plimmer for his first meeting with "Pedlar" Palmer on November 25, 1895, and was associated with him throughout his American tour, the Brum has commenced gentle work from his home at Aston. He takes his walks abroad in the direction of Erdington, Wylde Green, and Sutton Coldfield, and when seen by our representative looked remarkably fit and well. Plimmer, who speaks with confidence over the result of his meeting with Corfield, states, that after three weeks of his present course of training, he will take up his residence probably at Kingswinford, where the finishing touches will be put on. The ex-champion hopes to realise the meaning of victory once again, his last triumph being so far back as September 17, 1896, and if he comes out on top, he will single out a few more opponents during the coming season.

GLOVE CONTEST IN BIRMINGHAM
James Sheldon v. Harry Barnes.—After a good deal of preliminary skirmishing, a suitable venue was found in Birmingham last Friday night for the contest arranged between James Sheldon and Harry Barnes, two Smethwick youths, who were particularly anxious to try conclusions. Barnes, who scaled 8st 4lb, was seconded by Dick Patrick and W. Lees, while Sheldon, who was the shorter man, and weighed 7st 6lb, had Anthony Diamond, Frank Escott, and W. Geo in his corner. The contest opened in the gamest fashion, and Sheldon, who possesses a useful right, and knows how to use it, forced the pace, which was particularly lively. He finished with an advantage in the first round, and in the second he still further improved his position, while in the third he had his opponent so completely at his mercy that the referee had no hesitation in declaring Sheldon the winner of an exceedingly plucky little set-to.

A. BALFOUR SEEING IN THE MIRROR OF LIFE Jim Laurence's challenge, "Sandy" Balfour will fight him for the feather-weight championship, or Jack Dillion, of Dundee. To box in Glasgow, Dundee, or Aberdeen, providing any gentleman or club will give a purse. Business only meant.

BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON.—Despite the fact that there were many thousands of people away on holiday-making owing to the local works' excursions to various parts of this country and also the Paris Exposition, there was no falling-off in the attendance of spectators at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on Saturday evening. There are regular habitués of the hall, but on this occasion our correspondent noted visitors from many distant quarters, and all took great interest in the programme produced, and the applause one and all bestowed upon the various exponents was verily of the heartiest description. A better commencement could not have been made than with the trio of rounds between J. M'Gurk and J. Hawkins, who gave an exhibition—a merrier than which has seldom been seen, and the onlookers testified their satisfaction by the heartiest of applause. H. M'Coy and R. Gullen then took the arena for a three-round spar, and they went at it in hurricane style for the number of rounds named, and they fully deserved the plaudits, &c., which they received. It was a fitting wind-up for the first part of the proceedings—three rounds between Tom O'Neill, of Gateshead, and J. Thornton, of Newcastle, a classical display which more than satisfied the spectators, if one may judge from the vociferous applause with which they were greeted at the end of their show. The chief business of the evening was an eight rounds contest between George Morris and "Darkey" Carpenter, of Newcastle, a couple of youths about 8st 7lb. Morris had had a great deal more experience in the ring than his opponent, and had a greater knowledge of ring craft, and the consequence was that although "Darkey" did his very best and showed great gameness he was beaten on points after the whole of the rounds had been covered. It was a splendid fight, and worthy of the traditions of the saloon. The winner, for once in a way, was seconded by "Spider" Carr and Tom Sharp, and the loser by Tom Dixon and J. Mason. Jack Palmer was referee, and Martin Nealis, timekeeper. For next Saturday Harry Myers, of Edinburgh, and Tom O'Neill, of Gateshead, are matched.

JEM RICHARDSON
AND HARRY SMITH FOR £85.

£5 a-side has been placed in the hands of Mr. James Lowes to bind a match between Jem Richardson, of Gateshead (late of Honolulu), and Harry Myers, of Birmingham, to box twenty rounds, at catch-weight, for £25 a-side and a £35 purse, at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on October 16 (Race Tuesday evening).

THE 8st 4lb CHAMPIONSHIP OF Leeds.—On Wednesday night there was an open competition for the 8st 4lb championship of Leeds. There were six entries and some rattling good sport was witnessed. The building was packed to excess. The first item on the programme was exhibition boxing by the champion midget boxers, "Snowball" and his brother "Figg," who greatly pleased the audience with three exhibition rounds. Next came Charley Arrowsmith, of Walsall, and Jack Fulton, of Newcastle, who boxed four rattling rounds. The next two were Joe Elms, of America, and Harry Smith, of London, who boxed three hard-hitting rounds. The ring was then cleared for the competition. First Bout: Cohen v. Huggins. After an exciting contest the verdict went to Cohen. The next two were Golberg and Fawcett, Fawcett putting his man out in the second round. Brown and Stone then entered the ring. After a very near thing the verdict went to Stone. Fawcett boxed a bye. The semi-final was between Cohen and Stone. After a good set-to Cohen was declared the winner. Then came the final between Cohen and Fawcett. Great interest was taken in the bout. When time was called both were very cautious, and after sparring for an opening they set to work in earnest, and at the end of the first round matters were even. Second round was in favour of Cohen; and after boxing one minute in the third round Cohen knocked his man out with a terrific blow on the jaw, thus winning the competition. Now came the tit-bit of the evening, the lady champion boxers of the world, Miss Annie Moore, of Bristol, and Miss Frances Bell, of America (coloured), who boxed six 2min rounds, which greatly pleased the audience with their boxing abilities. Professor Moore is now offering a £20 purse for Sam Parker, of Leeds, and Jack Fulton, of Newcastle, to box for in his pavilion providing they have a good side bet. Fulton is now travelling with Moore's troupe. M.C., Professor Moore; referee, Harry Brady, of Huddersfield; timekeeper, Sam Parker, of Leeds.

Professor W. Moore's grand boxing tournament at Leeds, for the 7st 6lb championship of Leeds, took place on the 25th inst, for a handsome trophy given by Professor Moore. The curtain was drawn and the ball set rolling, and the first to enter the ring was Professor Moore and his unequalled bear, which had three catches as catch-as-catch-can, which greatly pleased the audience. The first bout of the competition was between Rodgers and P. Ward, the former giving in in one round. Next came Simon Wolfe and Joe Blaskey, in which both set about one another in grand style, and after a very near thing Wolfe was declared the winner. The next pair were Bolton and Reece, in which Bolton won. Nat Silver beat "Young Judy" after a tame bout. Semi-Final: Bolton beat Wolfe, in which Bolton won after a grand set-to. Final: Silver beat Bolton after a punishing three rounds. Next came Professor Moore's troupe of boxers. Jack Fulton (now matched with Sam Parker, of Leeds) and Steve Perkins, of Cardiff, had three hard-hitting rounds, which greatly pleased the audience. Next came a six rounds contest between Harry Smith, of London, and Patsey Griffin, of Leeds, which ended in a draw after a grand fight. Then came the well known midgets "Snowball" and "Figg," who showed the audience three very clever and scientific rounds. Then came the tit-bit of the evening between Miss Annie Moore, of Bristol, the lady champion boxer of the world, and Frances Bell, the lady coloured boxer of America, who greatly astonished the audience with their boxing abilities. This being Professor Moore's first visit to Yorkshire he has been well patronised, and he is a favourite amongst them all in the way he conducts his show in a straightforward and gentlemanly manner. Professor Moore acted as M.C., and the timekeeper was Paddy Griffin, of Leeds; Harry Brady, of Huddersfield, acted as referee; seconds, Steve Perkins and Young Clarke, of Leeds.

SPECIAL AMERICAN CABLEGRAM.

NEW YORK, *August 28.*
THE MIRROR OF LIFE, *London.*
Jem Jeffries, in poor condition, refuses to meet Bob Fitzsimmons, Friday, for the heavy-weight championship of the world. Jeffries retires and forfeits to Fitzsimmons.
MARTIN.

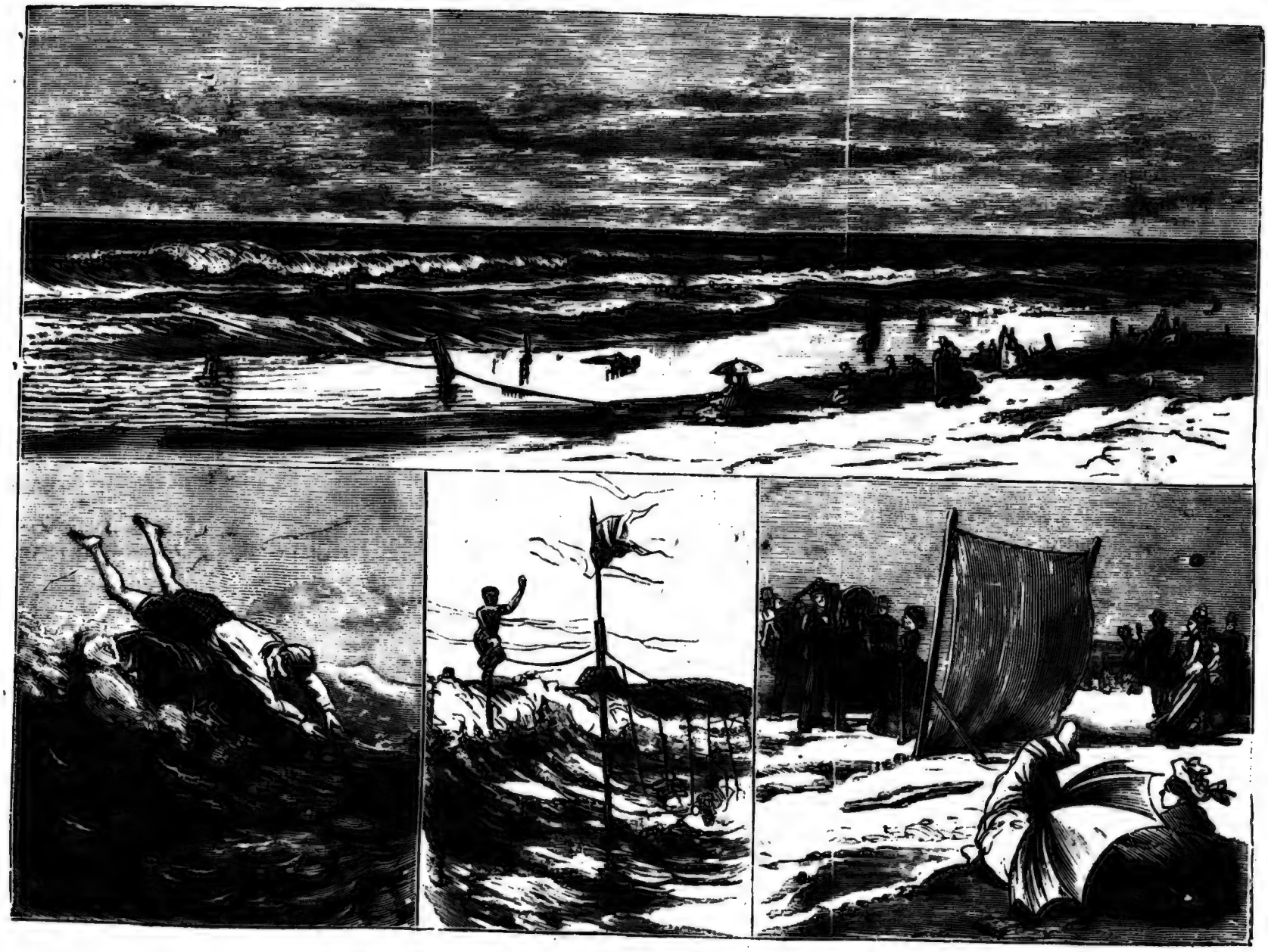
BOXING AT WONDERLAND.—JOE Barrett's Benefit.—One of the most respectable members of the fistic profession is Joe Barrett, of Clerkenwell. For a number of years he has been in the front rank of boxers at 8st 6lb, and has been returned the winner in no less than 112 out of 125 battles. Barrett is one of the cleverest lads we have seen. He has not too much power behind his blows, but what he lacks in hitting power he fully makes up for by scientific boxing. He reached the climax of his career when he won the massive gold belt given by the Olympic Club, Birmingham, for the 8st 6lb championship. In the final heat of this he was successful over the noted black boxer of America (Joe Elms), who was the favourite. A very large house rewarded Joe's exertions, and it will be a successful benefit if all the ticket money comes in. Sharp to time the first pair entered the arena, the officials being: Referee, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, timekeeper Harry Jacobs, with Ben Harris doing the talking. Details: Six Rounds Contest: Bill Lewis beat Ted Burke.—Lewis was a long way the best of the twain, and as Burke had no earthly chance, the referee at the second meeting returned Lewis the winner. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Sweeny beat Nat Keyser.—These two have met before, but since the latter has entered the matrimonial estate he has fallen off. Sweeny has improved greatly since last winter, and has only to look after himself to add victories to his record. A good fight resulted, but Sweeny was always in front and won easily. Six Rounds Contest: Dummy Forrest beat Sid Caley.—Caley was unwell, but he gamely contested the journey till the fourth round, when he said he was hit low, and retired, leaving Forrest the winner. He went to the London Hospital, and after being seen to was told to come again on Monday if no better. As Forrest hit his rival on the mark it must have been the attention all the boxers (they know the art of doctoring) gave him that made him so ill. Six Rounds Contest: "Jumbo" King beat Len Soden.—This was the fight of the night, and despite King's advantage in weight (over a stone) Soden made a gallant battle. It was the bout of the night, and if £500 had depended on it they could not have fought harder. From start to finish they went, but weight told its tale, and King won. Ten Rounds Contest: Archie Wright beat Tom Longley.—The former took matters easily, and got a caution for his pains. In the second round he went for his opponent, and, going down, Longley laid until counted out. Four Rounds Trial: Dave Morbin and Tom King.—A fine set-to, being applauded. Six Rounds Contest: Mike Casey beat Harry Clark.—Casey was troubled by his father, who was in the hall, telling him what to do, and otherwise worrying him, and the opening round was very tame. They improved as they went on, and a fine fight resulted in the verdict going to Casey.

"KID" LEONARD (OF WOOLWICH) to Angus Griffo.—"Kid" Leonard will box Angus Griffo ten or fifteen rounds before any club offering a suitable purse. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be immediately attended to.

A. J. SULLIVAN, OF BARRY DOCKS, Cardiff, not having an answer from any lad in London at 8st 6lb for the purse offered by Joe Smith, is open to box any lad in England at that weight if any promoter will give a purse worth training for. An early answer will oblige.

"Kid" Lavigne. Tom Lansing. J. J. Corbett. McVey. Tom Corbett. Billy Lavigne.

JAMES J. CORBETT IN TRAINING.



AT THE SEASIDE FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

A Dip in the North Sea at Ostend, or Torquay.

CHARLIE McKEEVER,
Of America, Now in England to Meet "Dido" Plumb at the National Sporting Club.

MR. E. ALLEN. "DIDO" PLUMB. E. LAYTON.

"DIDO" PLUMB,
A Clever Middle-Weight, and his Friends.

AN ORATION OVER THE BODY OF THE "LIVING SKELETON."
All the Freaks of the Fair Attend the Funeral.

MR. FRED MILLER IS DOUBLY busy at the present time, for besides having the management of the Paragon and Canterbury, he is busy replying to shoals of congratulatory epistles.

ZARMO, THE COMIC JUGGLER, IS A distinct addition to any variety programme. I saw him not long ago at Collins's, and his turn was well appreciated. He has all the proper tricks at his fingers' ends, and now and again is distinctly original. He is funny withal, and the onlooker never knows whether he is going to juggle in real earnest or fool them; he keeps things moving excellently.

THE ALHAMBRA MANAGEMENT IN- vited me to a private Press view last week of a new turn now figuring in the evening programme, the turn in question being M. Marcel's Basso-Relievo Living Pictures, which are sure to draw lovers of the beautiful in large crowds. M. Dundas Slater is to be congratulated in having secured such a novel and fascinating spectacle.

AT SAM COLLINS'S, WHEN I LOOKED in the other evening, I found a big audience in evident enjoyment of an excellent bill of fare. Owing to a slow cab and an attraction by the way, the programme was well under weigh when I grasped the worthy hand of Mr. Digby Roberts, and Walter Munroe was bowing his acknowledgments to very hearty applause for his song "When the Boys Come Home Again"; the tiny Sisters Webster next took the "flure," and warbled a saucy duet. Frank Coyne, with "Have It Over Your Side Loo-oo-oo," created a tremendous hit, and the audience would have liked more. Pretty Miss Millie Lindon then sauntered on attired in a very fetching velvet knickerbocker suit and sang a sad little song about "Sweethearts Once," and before the applause had quite died out reappeared in a fresh suit of knickers and a big hat with a nice blue feather. If Millie looked nice in her first suit she looked doubly well in this and got enthusiastically applauded for her song "What is a Gentleman" (I hope she was not alluding to the male thing who trod heavily on my special corn). Tom and Lily English, Cliff Ryland, some capital pictures, and a number of other A1 turns completed the programme.

"THE CASINO GIRL" AT THE Shaftesbury is so bright and amusing that one can see the piece again and again and reap fresh enjoyment at each visit. There was a large and appreciative audience at last Wednesday's matinée. Miss Edna May, who occupied a stall in front of me, appeared to thoroughly enjoy the performance, and looked charming, but when she put up a delicately jewelled hand and removed her hat she certainly went one better. I also noticed Mr. George Conquest, sen., and Mr. Blyth Pratt (Mr. Gilmer's right hand at the Oxford) present. The play contains several first-rate comedians, who seize numberless opportunities of making merry. Our old friend Sullivan, the polite lunatic of "Belle of New York" fame, is screamingly funny as the Pasha, and R. Carle as Offenbach Gaggs again proves himself a very funny comedian. The ladies, too, are well to the fore, and help to push along the fun. Miss Mabelle Gilman is handsome and dashing as the Casino Girl (her "dolly" duet with Mr. Cyril Scott is vociferously applauded). Miss Marie George is a saucy Dolly Twinkle. Miss Carrie Perkins is effective as a modern Mrs. Malaprop, and last, but not least, there is pretty little Miss Ella Snyder, whose Roxana Rocks is one of the gems of the performance. Her singing and dancing is of a high order. And then there is the "cullered boy" Rastus. I think the audience would like to see more of Rastus. "The Casino Girl" is the best show going.

DAVE.

BOXING AT STOCKTON.—ANDREW Wood, of Gateshead, and Jack Hennessy, of London, met at the Excelsior Club rooms in Stockton recently to box the best of fifteen rounds, with 4oz gloves, for £25 a-side and a £30 purse. Hennessy got severely punished in the fourth round, and was counted out, Wood being declared the winner by the referee, Mr. W. O'Brien, of Middlesbrough.

CHARLIE McKEEVER,

Of America, Now in England to Meet "Dido" Plumb at the National Sporting Club.

(With Portrait.)

CHARLES McKEEVER was born November 19, 1873, at Slatington, U.S.A. His height is 5ft 9in. His contests are as follows: Knocked out Young Zeigler, 3rds; draw with Tom Moriarty, 6rds; beat Tom Farrell, 2rds; Jemmy Mitchell, 3rds; Bill Darragh, 4rds; draw with Jack McAuliffe, 8rds; draw with "Bull" McCarthy, 4rds; beat Stanton Abbott, 6rds; fought Owen Zeigler, 4rds (no decision); knocked out Jack Hanley, 3rds; knocked out by Horace Leeds, 4rds; draw with Jack Everhardt, 6rds; knocked out Arthur Valentine, 17rds; beat Young Griffo, 20rds; fought "Kid" Lavigne, 4rds (no decision); beat "Bull" McCarthy, 6rds; beat Charley Johnson, 6rds; fought "Kid" Lavigne, 6rds (no decision); beaten by George Green, 15rds; fought a draw with Young Griffo, 15rds; beat Tom Williams, 6rds; fought a fifteen-round draw with Matty Matthews; fought Jack Bennett twice, 6rds each (no decision); beat Matty Matthews, 20rds; fought Jack Daly, 6rds (no decision); beaten by Frank McConnell, 4rds; beaten by "Mysterious" Billy Smith, 25rds; fought Jack Daly, 6rds (no decision); fought Tom Broderick, 6rds (no decision); fought Charley Burns 6rds (draw); beat Jem Ferns, 6rds; Eddie Connolly, 6rds (no decision); George Kerwin, 6rds (no decision); beat Owen Zeigler, 7rds; fought "Mysterious" Billy Smith, 20rds (draw): fought "Mysterious" Billy Smith, 6rds (no decision); November 8, 1899, beaten by "Mysterious" Billy Smith, 20rds.

A MAD ENGINEER BINDS THE STOKER TO THE ENGINE.

A Fearful Ride for Thirty Miles Bound Hand and Foot.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AN engine-driver on the Canadian Pacific Railway named George Gask had been acting in a very queer manner lately. One morning, on resuming work, and before the engine had left the shed, he ordered the stoker to do some work to the lamps. While the latter was engaged, Gask, who is a man of herculean strength, seized his mate, and with a strong rope bound him to the engine. He then went to the lever and started on a wild ride of thirty miles. James Roper, the stoker, expected nothing but death; but strange to say, the lunatic's mood altered, and when he had brought the engine to a standstill he released his companion. Gask was immediately placed under restraint.

A GERMAN BAND GETS ROUGHLY TREATED.

The Music Had Upset the Temper of the Crowd.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A FEW years ago it was a common sight to see a band of perhaps ten or twelve Germans with their instruments discoursing loud music at the street corners, but whether it did not pay or Londoners lack in musical education the German performers have migrated to the provinces. It was close to Edinburgh where a party of holiday makers seemed somewhat annoyed by a German band, and they fell upon them with their fists, giving the lager beer and sausage-eating Continentals a good hiding, it being very evident that they would be safer keeping "The Watch on the Rhine" instead of playing it to unwelcome ears.

AN ORATION OVER THE BODY OF THE "LIVING SKELETON."

All the Freaks of the Fair Attend the Funeral.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IT was the funeral of the skeleton, and the principals attached to the different shows were there to assist in the last function. The Fat Lady, the fair Circassian, the wonderful sisters from Tartary, the fire-eating Indians, the three gigantic brothers, with the lady dwarf made up a motley crowd, while the blind thought-reader held a funeral oration over the remains of the friend. Although different in height, make, and shape, their hearts were at one for their departed comrade, who would no more pose as an attraction as the "living skeleton."

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HOWARD H. PARKER, OF AMERICA.

Now Matched to Wrestle Sam Moores on September 29, for £50 A-side.

(With Portrait.)

HOWARD H. PARKER, champion 140lb wrestler of America, is open to wrestle any man in the world at the above weight from £10 to £100 a-side. He is matched to wrestle Jas. Millon, of Lancashire, on September 8, at Manchester, whom he agrees to throw twice in 75min. Matched to wrestle Sam Moores, champion of England, at Manchester, September 29, best two falls in three, for £50 a-side, Parker to weigh 140lb and Moores to wrestle at catch-weight. Parker is training at Wigan at Chas. Green's (ex-champion wrestler of England), Oddfellows' Arms. Following is his record: Beat Sam Murbarger, Indianopolis, Inda.; Hart Hall, Inda.; Frank Ghil., Piquat, O.; Jake Snyder, St. Paul, Wis.; Mike Duyer, Hancock, Mich.; Geo. Bothner, N.Y.; W. C. Hart, Baltimore, Inda.; Alex. Swanson, New Britain, Conn.; Frank Herrick, Providence R.I., twice; Joe Newton, alias "Teapot," Prov., R.I.; Leo Pardello, N.Y.; Ben Rhodes, Boston, Mass.; Jas. Gilligan, Laurence, Mass.; Tom Lacy-Adams, Mass., ten falls, 32min; Jas. Flannagan, New Bedford, Mass., three falls, 10min. In all above matches never lost a fall. Lost to George Burlingame, Baltimore, only match lost in three years.

AT THE SEASIDE FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

A Dip in the North Sea, at Ostend or Torquay.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AWAY from the noise of busy London with its endless, restless traffic, to find ourselves beside the bright green silvery seas in the month of September is a glorious rest from the every day toil. On the beach at Ostend among the most fashionable gatherings in the world, or some quiet spot in Devon far from the ordinary crowd that find their way to seaside resorts, here you can disrobe, plunge into the briny waves as they break with their white crested heads on the shore, and swim among the dancing waters.

SUDDEN DEATH AT A FASHIONABLE GATHERING.

A Wealthy Frenchman Suddenly Expires.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A SAD and alarming occurrence took place at a fashionable gathering. While the company was in the height of their enjoyment one gentleman, named M. Barras, a Frenchman, was seen to stagger and fall in a cushioned seat. Before assistance could be rendered he was past all earthly aid, expiring in a few minutes. Heart-failure combined with over-excitement is supposed to be the cause, but as usual a post-mortem examination will take place. This gentleman was reputed to be a millionaire, and had a large circle of friends in Australia.

HE WOULD DO AS SIPIDO DID.

An Anarchist Shoots at His Employer in New York.

(Subject of Illustration.)

FOURTEEN Anarchists it was reported had been arrested in America, the charge being that they intended to assassinate President McKinley. One, Moresca Guida, will be sent back to Italy. A young man was arrested who fired a revolver at his employer; he was said to be an Anarchist, or he professed to hold their principles. Fortunately, like Sipido's attempt, he missed his mark, and will not, like the latter, be allowed to escape punishment.

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ADVT

LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. He thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

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Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
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One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
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